

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming a General Repository of Literature, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, the Drama, &c.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

History of the Progress and Suppression of the Reformation in Italy, in the Sixteenth Century: including a Sketch of the History of the Reformation in the Grisons. By THOMAS M'CRIE, D. D. 8vo. pp. 434. Blackwood, Edinburgh; Cadell, London. 1827.

THE history of the Italian states, from the twelfth to the sixteenth century, is pregnant with the most interesting and important details. It was not only literature and the arts that were fostered under the protection of their nobles, and which seemed to glow with the bright and sunny climate of their birth-place, but the science of politics was there first reduced to principles, and there first laid the foundation of that system which rendered liberty and independence less defensible by arms than policy. The glory of Italy, however, in these respects, is passed away; her commerce and her arts have left traces of her ancient magnificence, but we no where discover vestiges of her free and popular institutions, or of the spirit which inspired every member of the commonwealth. The merchant-princes of Florence, and the rulers of proud queen-like Venice, have left no representatives, and while their palaces and halls retain their old and glorious magnificence, we are obliged to people them with the traditions of our memory. But the history of modern Italy is, in many respects, like that of ancient Rome, the history of the world. Were it blotted out from the records of our race, the events of the last eight hundred years would be inexplicable. The power which her pontiffs acquired, and to which all Europe bowed, even after she herself despised their tyranny, almost destroyed the varieties of national character. A uniform and universal superstition,—for it is not religion but superstition that has these effects subjugated and enfeebled men's minds; and when the thunder of the vatican was heard, not only philosophy ceased her speculations, but national prejudice and the deepest passions of the heart yielded obedience. From the first establishment of Christianity, to the present day, the world has witnessed no change so remarkable as that effected by the reformed opinions. Both the moral and intellectual aspect of society has been entirely altered, and it would be impossible to find, in the annals of any one nation, let its revolutions have been what they may, so perfect a change in its condition, as was wrought on the world itself, by this destruction of a false and superstitious system. But while Italy, in the darkest night of popish superstition, is known to have been less under its influence than other countries, she has participated but very

little in the permanent benefits of the reformation. The account with which Dr. M'Crie has furnished us, respecting its commencement and suppression in the Italian states, is drawn up with great learning and ability; and we shall proceed to give our readers some extracts from his very interesting work:—

‘It is a curious circumstance, that the first gleam of light at the revival of letters shone on that remote spot of Italy, where the Vaudois had found an asylum. Petrarch first acquired the knowledge of the Greek tongue from Barlaam, a monk of Calabria; and Boccacio was taught it by Leontius Pilatus, who was a hearer of Barlaam, if not also a native of the same place, and for whom his grateful pupil procured an appointment among the professors of Florence. The example and the instructions of two individuals, however eminent for genius and popularity, could not impart a permanent impulse to the minds of their countrymen, or overcome the obstacles which at that time opposed the cultivation of ancient letters. But the taste which they had been the means of creating was revived, in the beginning of the fifteenth century, by those learned Greeks whom the feeble successors of Constantine sent to the papal court, to implore succours against the overwhelming power of the Turks, and who were induced to teach their native language in different parts of Italy. The fall of the eastern empire, and the taking of Constantinople, in 1453, brought them in greater numbers to that country, while it added immensely to the stock of manuscripts, which individuals had for some time before been in the habit of procuring from the east. And the art of printing, which was invented about the same period, from its novelty, and its tendency to multiply the number of copies of a book indefinitely, and to afford them at a cheap rate, gave an incalculable acceleration to the human mind in its pursuit of knowledge.

‘Ancient literature was now cultivated with the greatest enthusiasm; it spread with amazing rapidity through Italy, and surmounting the Alps, reached within a short period the most northern extremities of Europe. The human mind was roused from the slumber by which it had been oppressed for ages; its faculties were sharpened by the study of languages; the stores of ancient knowledge were laid open; the barbarism of the schools was exploded; and opinions and practices which had long been held sacred, and which a little before it would have been deemed impious to suspect, were now openly called in question, opposed, and repudiated. The rise of the papal monarchy, and the corruption of Christianity may be traced in a great measure to the ignorance and barbarism which fell on Western Europe, and increased during the middle ages: the revival of letters, by banishing the darkness, broke the spell on which the empire of superstition rested, and opened the eyes of mankind

on the chains with which their credulity had suffered their spiritual rulers to load them.

‘A taste for letters does not, indeed, imply a taste for religion, nor did the arrival of the former necessarily infer the reformation of the latter. Some of the worst of men, such as Pope Alexander VI. and his sons, encouraged literature and the arts; and in the panegyrics which the learned men of that age lavished on their patronesses, we find courtesans of Rome joined with ladies of the most illustrious birth. The minds of many of the restorers of literature in the fifteenth century were completely absorbed by their favourite studies. Their views often did not extend beyond the discovery of an old manuscript, or printing and commenting on a classical author. Some of them carried their admiration of the literary monuments of pagan Greece so far as to imbibe the religious sentiments which they inculcated; and in the excess of their enthusiasm they did not scruple to give a species of adoration to the authors of such “divine works.” Others showed, by their conduct, that they were as great slaves to worldly passions as other men, and ready to support any establishment, however corrupt, which promised to gratify their avarice, their ambition, or their love of pleasure. Lorenzo de Medici, the munificent patron of letters, and himself an elegant scholar, testified the most extravagant joy at his son's being elected a cardinal at seven years of age, and gave the destined pontiff an education better fitted for a secular potentate than the head of the church; a circumstance which probably contributed more to bring about the reformation than all the patronage he lavished on literature and the arts. Bembo and Sadoleti were both apostolical secretaries, and in their official character composed and subscribed the most tyrannical edicts of the court of Rome. The former, of whom it has been said, that he “opened a new augustan age, emulated Cicero and Virgil with equal success, and recalled in his writings the elegance and purity of Petrarch and of Boccacio,” has his name affixed to the infamous bull, vindicating the sale of indulgences; and the latter disgraced his elegant pen by drawing and signing the decree which condemned Luther as a heretic, ordaining that, if he continued obstinate, he should be seized and sent to Rome, and authorizing the sentence of excommunication and interdict to be pronounced against all dowers, civil or ecclesiastical, (the emperor excepted,) secular or regular, dukes, marquises, universities, communities, who should receive or harbour him. Thus did these two polite scholars share between them the responsibility of measures which had it for their object to crush the most glorious attempt ever made to burst the chains of despotism; and in compensation for the stigma inflicted upon literature by the conduct of its representatives, we must be contented with being told, that they “first demonstrated that the purity of the Latin idiom was not incompatible with the forms of business, and the transactions of public affairs.”

There are, I doubt not, persons who will be gratified with the information which I have it in my power to afford them, that, before the reformation, there were sums issued from the exchequer of the Vatican, as salaries to learned men, whose task it was to reform the *bullarium*, by picking out all the solecisms which had crept into it, and substituting purer and more classical words in their room. Who knows to what advantages this goodly work of expurgation would have led? What elegant reading would not the papal bulls have furnished to our modern literati, if the barbarous reformers had not interfered, and, by their ill-timed clamour, turned the public attention from words to things—from blunders in grammar to perversions of law and gospel!

But though many of the revivers of literature intended nothing less than a reformation of religion, they nevertheless contributed greatly to forward this desirable object. It was impossible to check the progress of the light which had been struck up, or to prevent the new spirit of inquiry from taking a direction towards religion and the church. Among other books which had long remained unknown or neglected, copies of the sacred writings in the original languages, with the works of the Christian fathers, were now eagerly sought out, printed, and circulated, both in the original and in translations; nor could persons of ordinary discernment and candour peruse these without perceiving, that the church had declined far from the Christian standard, and the model of primitive purity, in faith, worship, and morals. This truth forced itself on the minds even of those who were interested in the support of the existing corruptions. They felt that they stood on unsolid ground, and trembled to think that the secret of their power had been discovered, and was in danger of becoming every day better and more extensively known. This paralysed the exertions which they made in their own defence, and was a principal cause of that dilatory, vacillating, and contradictory procedure which characterised the policy of the court of Rome in its first attempts to check the progress of the reformed opinions.

The poets of the middle ages, known by the name of troubadours, had joined with the Vaudois in condemning the reigning vices of the priests; and several of the superstitious notions and practices by which the clergy increased their power and wealth were assailed in those lively satires, which were written in the ancient language of Provence, but read by the inhabitants of Italy and Spain. It is a curious circumstance, and may be considered as reflecting honour on a sect which has been so unmercifully traduced by its adversaries, that the *Noble Leyçon*, and other religious poems of the Vaudois, which are among the earliest and rarest monuments of Provençal poetry, contain few of those satirical reflections on the clergy, which abound in the writings of their contemporaries who remained in the Romish church. "Indulgences, (says one of the latter,) pardons, God, and the devil,—all, the priests make use of. To some they allot paradise by their pardons: others they send to hell by their excommunications. There are no crimes for which pardon cannot be obtained from the monks; for money they grant to renegades and usurers that sepulture which they deny to the poor who have nothing to pay. To live at ease, to buy good fish, fine wheat-bread, and exquisite wines, is their great object during the whole year. God grant me to be a monk, if salvation

is to be purchased at this price!" "If God (says another troubadour,) save those whose sole merit lies in loving good cheer, and paying their court to women—if the black monks, the white monks, the templars, the hospitallers, gain heaven, then St. Peter and St. Andrew were great fools to submit to such torments for the sake of a paradise which costs others so little."

From the earliest dawn of letters in Italy, the corruptions of the Roman Church had been discovered by persons who entertained no thought of renouncing her communion. Besides the severe allusions which he has made to this subject in different parts of his immortal poem, Dante wrote a treatise in defence of the emperor against the papal claims, in which he proves that the imperial power was undivided and independent of the Roman see, speaks disrespectfully of the reigning pope as a decretalist and no divine, and inveighs against his predecessors and their defenders, as notorious for ambition, avarice, and imprudence, and as persons, who showed themselves to be children of iniquity and the devil, while they boasted that they were sons of the church. Petrarch and Boccaccio employed, each in his own style, their wit and humour in exposing the frauds, and lashing the vices of the clergy; not sparing the dignitaries of the church and the sovereign pontiffs themselves. They were followed by others of their countrymen, both in prose and verse; and the lampoons against priests and friars which became common in other countries were imitations, and in many instances translations, of those of the Italian poets and satirists. In the beginning of the fifteenth century, Laurentius Valla, "who rescued literature from the grave, and restored to Italy the splendour of her ancient eloquence," wrote against the pretended donation of Constantine, and various papal abuses. This learned Italian had advanced far before his age in every species of knowledge: as a grammarian, a critic, a philosopher, and a divine, he was equally distinguished. His scholia on the New Testament, in which he proposes numerous corrections on the Vulgate, display an intimate acquaintance with the Greek language; and, in his dialogue on free-will, he defends, with much acuteness, the doctrine on that subject and on predestination, afterwards espoused by Luther and Calvin. The freedom of his sentiments exposed him to the resentment of the patrons of ignorance; and Valla was condemned to the flames, a punishment from which he was saved by the protection of Alphonsus V. of Aragon.

Florence had lately seen two of her citizens advanced to the papal throne; an intimate connection subsisted between her and Rome; and she had yielded up her liberties to Cosmo de Medici, who exercised the supreme authority, under the title of Grand Duke of Tuscany. On these accounts, the reformed doctrine was never permitted to make great progress in Florence. But so early as 1525, the disputes concerning religion were agitated there, and many of the Florentines had embraced the new opinions. Brucioli and Teofili, already mentioned as translators of the scriptures, and Carneseca and Martyr, of whom we shall afterwards have occasion to speak particularly, were natives of Florence; nor were there wanting several of their fellow-citizens who sighed for religious reform and liberty, but who, despairing to find it at home, chose a voluntary banishment, and an uncertain and uncomfortable abode in foreign countries.

Bologna, in the sixteenth century, formed part of the territories of the church, and from it the supreme pontiffs issued some of the severest of their edicts against heresy. But this did not prevent the light, which was shining around, from penetrating into that city. The university of Bologna was one of the earliest, if not the very first, of the great schools of Europe, and the extensive privileges enjoyed by its members were favourable to liberal sentiments, and the propagation of the new opinions in religion. The essential principles of liberty, equally obnoxious to political and ecclesiastical despots, were boldly avowed in public disputations before the students, at a time when they had fallen into disrepute in those states of Italy which still retained a shadow of their former freedom. John Mollo, a native of Montalcino, in the territory of Sienna, was a principal instrument of promoting the gospel at Bologna. He had entered in his youth into the order of Minorites, but instead of wasting his time, like the most of his brethren, in idleness or superstition, had devoted himself to the study of polite letters and theology. By the careful perusal of the Scriptures and certain books of the reformers, he attained to clear views of evangelical truth, which his talents and his reputation for learning and piety, enabled him to recommend, both as a preacher and an academical professor. After acquiring great celebrity as a teacher in the universities of Brescia, Milan, and Pavia, he came, about the year 1533, to Bologna. Certain propositions which he advanced in his lectures, relating to justification by faith and other points then agitated, were opposed by Cornelio, a professor of metaphysics, who, being foiled in a public dispute which ensued between them, lodged a charge of heresy against his opponent, and procured his citation to Rome. Mollo defended himself with such ability and address, that the judges appointed by Paul III. to try the cause were forced to acquit him, in the way of declaring that the sentiments which he had maintained were true, although they were such as could not be publicly taught at that time without prejudice to the apostolical see. He was, therefore, sent back to Bologna, with an admonition to abstain for the future from explaining the epistles of St. Paul. But, continuing to teach the same doctrine as formerly, and with still greater applause from his hearers, Cardinal Campeggio procured an order from the pope to remove him from the university?

The number of persons addicted to Protestantism in Bologna continued to be great, many years after this period. Bucer congratulates them on their increasing knowledge and numbers, in a letter written in the year 1541; and in 1545, Baldassare Altieri writes to an acquaintance in Germany, that a nobleman in that city was ready to raise six thousand soldiers in favour of the evangelical party, if it was found necessary to make war against the pope.

Venice, of all the states of Italy, afforded the greatest facilities for the propagation of the new opinions, and the safest asylum to those who suffered for their adherence to them. Jealous of its authority, and well apprized of the ambition and encroaching spirit of the Roman court, the senate had uniformly resisted the attempts made to establish the inquisition, and was cautious in allowing the edicts of the Vatican to be promulgated or carried into effect within the Venetian territories. Political sagacity counteracted the narrow views of a proud and jealous aristocracy, and taught them to re-

lax the severity of their internal police. Venice had risen to power and opulence by commerce; and the concession of a more than ordinary freedom of thinking and speaking was necessary to encourage strangers to visit her ports and markets. This republic was then among the popish, what Holland became among Protestant states. She had been, and continued long to be, distinguished for the number of her printing presses; and while letters were cultivated elsewhere for themselves, or to gratify the vanity of their patrons, they were encouraged here, from the additional consideration of their forming an important, and not unproductive, branch of manufacture and merchandize. The books of the German and Swiss Protestants were consigned to merchants at Venice, from which they were circulated to the different parts of Italy; and it was in this city that versions of the Bible and other religious books in the vulgar tongue, were chiefly printed.

'We have already had occasion to notice that the first writings of Luther were read in Venice soon after they were published. In a letter, written in the year 1528, the reformer says to a friend, "You give me joy by what you write of the Venetians receiving the word of God. Thanks and glory to God." In the course of the following year, he was in correspondence with James Ziegler, a learned man, who possessed great authority at Venice, and was favourable to the grand attempt to reform religion, though he never joined its standard. Ziegler had sent from Venice to Wittenberg, his adopted brother, Theodore Veit, who acted for some time as secretary or amanuensis to Luther, and afterwards became minister of Nurenberg. This is the person so often mentioned under the name of Theodorus Vitus in the letters of Melanchthon, and through whom that reformer chiefly received his intelligence respecting the Protestants in Italy.'

The circumstances that favoured the propagation of the Reformation, the rivalship of princes, the spread of knowledge, and discovery of corruption, are well set forth; as well as those which tended to its suppression. The following is an appalling account of a circumstance which occurred at Montalto:—

'Horrid as these facts are, they fall short of the barbarity perpetrated on the same people at Montalto, in the year 1560, under the government of the Marquis di Buccianici, to whose brother, it is said, the pope had promised a cardinal's hat, provided the province of Calabria was cleared of heresy. I shall give the account in the words of a Roman Catholic, servant to Ascanio Caraccioli, who witnessed the scene. The letter in which he describes it was published in Italy, along with other narratives of the bloody transaction. "Most illustrious sir,—having written you from time to time what has been done here in the affair of heresy, I have now to inform you of the dreadful justice which began to be executed on these Lutherans early this morning, being the 11th of June. And, to tell you the truth, I can compare it to nothing but the slaughter of so many sheep. They were all shut up in one house as in a sheep-fold. The executioner went, and bringing out one of them, covered his face with a napkin, or *benda*, as we call it, led him out to a field near the house, and causing him to kneel down, cut his throat with a knife. Then taking off the bloody napkin, he went and brought out another, whom he put to death after the same manner. In this way, the whole number, amounting to eighty-eight men, were butchered.'

I leave you to figure to yourself the lamentable spectacle; for I can scarcely refrain from tears while I write; nor was there any person who, after witnessing the execution of one, could stand to look on a second. The meekness and patience with which they went to martyrdom and death was incredible. Some of them at their death professed themselves of the same faith with us, but the greater part died in their cursed obstinacy. All the old men met their death with cheerfulness, but the young exhibited symptoms of fear. I shudder while I think of the executioner with the bloody knife in his teeth, the dripping napkin in his hand, and his arms besmeared with gore, going to the house and taking out one after another, just as a butcher does the sheep which he means to kill. According to orders, waggons are already come to carry away the dead bodies, which are appointed to be quartered, and hung up on the public roads from one end of Calabria to the other. Unless his holiness and the Viceroy of Naples command the Marquis de Buccianici, the governor of this province, to stay his hand and leave off, he will go on to put others to the torture, and multiply the executions until he has destroyed the whole. Even to-day a decree has passed that a hundred grown up women shall be put to the question, and afterwards executed; so that there may be a complete mixture, and we may be able to say, in well-sounding language, that so many persons were punished, partly men and partly women. This is all that I have to say of this act of justice. It is now eight o'clock, and I shall presently hear accounts of what was said by these obstinate people as they were led to execution. Some have testified such obstinacy and stubbornness as to refuse to look on a crucifix, or confess to a priest; and they are to be burnt alive. The heretics taken in Calabria amount to sixteen hundred, all of whom are condemned; but only eighty-eight have as yet been put to death. This people came originally from the valley of Angroyna, near Savoy, and in Calabria are called Ultramontani. Four other places in the kingdom of Naples are inhabited by the same race, but I do not know that they behave ill; for they are a simple unlettered people, entirely occupied with the spade and plough, and, I am told, show themselves sufficiently religious at the hour of death. Lest the reader should be inclined to doubt the truth of such horrid atrocities, the following summary account of them, by a Neapolitan historian of that age, may be added. After giving some account of the Calabrian heretics, he says: "Some had their throats cut, others were sawn through the middle, and others thrown from the top of a high cliff: all were cruelly but deservedly put to death. It was strange to hear of their obstinacy; for while the father saw his son put to death, and the son his father, they not on'y gave no symptoms of grief, but said joyfully, that they would be angels of God: so much had the devil, to whom they had given themselves up as a prey, deceived them."

'By the time that the persecutors were glutted with blood, it was not difficult to dispose of the prisoners who remained. The men were sent to the Spanish galleys; the women and children were sold for slaves; and, with the exception of a few who renounced their faith, the whole colony was exterminated. "Many a time have they afflicted me from my youth," may the race of the Waldenses say, "many a time have they afflicted me from my youth. My blood,—the violence done to me and to my flesh, be upon" Rome!'

Fairy Tales, from the German of A. L. GRIMM. 12mo. pp. 172. London, 1827. Tilt.

If fairy tales ever deserved to be read, these of M. Grimm are pre-eminently worthy of it. They are excellent in themselves, and the translator has judiciously preserved the familiar and *naïve* style of the original. The best of the stories, we think, is that of the Three Brothers, with part of which we shall endeavour to amuse our readers, leaving them to make the moral for themselves:—

'And now the second brother began to feel a desire to go out and see the world, and to make his fortune; but better than Hanns, for he thought himself wiser. Accordingly, he went to his father, and said—"Father, give me my portion; I want to see the world, and to seek my fortune." "What, as Hanns has done?" said the father—"No, Stoffel, be prudent, and remain at home." Stoffel, however, would not remain at home, and had no rest night or day, and gave his father no rest night or day, till he had given him his inheritance, and let him go. And all the village laughed when it was told that another of old Xavier's sons had gone out to make his fortune.'

'Stoffel had scarcely journeyed a day, before he came, towards evening, to a very thick wood, when suddenly the little grizzly dwarf, with his long white beard, came up to him, and accosted him with "Whither now, Stoffel?" Stoffel wondered how the little pigmy man should know his name, and he answered—"I have received my portion from my father, and am going to try my fortune in the world." "You could not, then, fall in with a better person than myself," said the other. "Give me your money; I will give you for it a golden donkey that is not to be bought again for any money. If you say to him, "Donkey, strike out!" he will kick out with all four feet, and then from each hoof there flies such a shower of golden guineas, that it is just as if four caskets of gold had been emptied at your feet, and you have nothing to do but gather it up." Stoffel was highly delighted with this, and readily agreed, if it proved true, to strike the bargain. Then the ice-grey little man led him a short distance into the wood, and showed him the stable where the golden donkey was. But Stoffel was astonished when he entered it, for the stable was finer than any room that he had ever seen; and the crib was of silver and the trough of gold; and the litter was made of fine unspun silk, instead of straw; and upon this the wonderful golden donkey was lying. He was small in stature, but in all respects like an ordinary donkey. And he was fond of thistles, like other donkeys, and had some left in his manger.

'And the diminutive grizzly man drove him up, and said—"Now, Stoffel, try if what I said be true." And Stoffel cried, "donkey, strike out!" and he kicked out with all four feet, and the gold pieces flew about the stable. And Stoffel, overjoyed at his good fortune, gave the little man his money, and led his donkey homewards.

'But soon night overtook him, and so he turned into the first inn that he came to, and it chanced to be the same at which his brother Hanns had put up.

'As the host led his donkey into the stable, Stoffel said to him—"Mr. Landlord, pray take great care of my little beast, and give him a good feather bed, instead of straw, to lie on; I will reward you richly for it to-morrow; but

beware that you don't say to him, "donkey, strike out!" for if you do, I will not be answerable for the consequences." This he did to intimidate the landlord, and thought his donkey now secure from theft; "for surely," said he, "he will not venture after that to say to the ass, "donkey, strike out!" and, therefore, will not know that he strikes out gold pieces from his hoof with every kick."

"But quite the contrary. No sooner was honest Stoffel asleep, than down goes the landlord, accompanied by his wife, into the barn, where, through a grating in the door, they could peep into the stable. "Here no accident can befall," said he; "let him kick out as much as he will, he cannot hurt me when I am behind this strong door." "Pooh! what is there to hurt thee?" rejoined the wife—"say it at once! I am curious to see what will happen." "But if some ill should betide?"—said the host. Then his wife abused him, and called him an old coward and a chicken-hearted fellow, till at length he grew ashamed of his cowardice, and so he plucked up all his courage and went to the grating in the door, and cried, "donkey, strike out!" and then ran away, as fast as his legs would carry him, into the yard. But the wife's curiosity would not suffer her to run away, so she peeped through and saw what the donkey did. And she came running into the yard to her husband, laughing, and called to him, but in a very low voice, and bade him, more by signs than words, to go back into the barn. "Didnt I tell you?" said she, "peep into the stable, and see what lies there upon the ground." And when he went and took up a handful of shining gold, she cried out to him, "See! what a grievous misfortune! Oh, if we had but such a one hanging over us every day!"

"Then the landlord took off his woollen cap, and threw it up into the air, till it touched the roof of the stable, and twirled himself round upon one leg, and cried, "Hurrah! now we are rich people! now will I take another and a larger inn, and the donkey shall never again go out of my stable."

"Aye, aye," said the wife, "all that is very fine and very soon said, but the stranger will demand his donkey to-morrow morning, and what will you do? You'll be compelled to deliver him up." "No, no, I tell thee, I will never let him go," cried the host hastily, "leave me alone to manage it—O thou dear little golden donkey, I can never part with thee!—Do you know what, wife? has not the miller yonder in the valley got just such another little donkey as this is? I'll run down quickly and buy it of him, and tell him that there is a guest in my house who is anxious to have it, and will pay him handsomely for it; and if I give him four of these gold pieces, he will be ready enough to part with him, I warrant."

"And with that he ran out of the house and across the yard, and he ran on as fast as he could till he came to the mill; and he struck his bargain with the miller, and brought the little grey-coat with him. And when he reached home, his wife was still searching in the stable with a lantern, for she had made the donkey strike out a great many times, so that the poor little beast had sunk down upon his feather bed, exhausted with fatigue. And she carefully gathered up all the gold pieces, that none might be there in the morning to excite the stranger's suspicions.

"But as her husband now returned bringing with him the miller's little donkey, her joy exceeded all bounds, for she saw that he was as

like the golden donkey as one egg to another.

"They then led the golden donkey away, and concealed him in a cellar, under the barn, where, in the summer time, they preserved their potatoes and rosemary. And they tied the miller's donkey in his place, and then retired to bed. But they could not sleep for a long while, for thinking of their good fortune; and when the wife did fall asleep, she dreamed of the golden ass, and cried, time after time, "Donkey, strike out!" and when it was daylight, she awoke her husband with the exclamation of "Jackass, wake up!" for she could think of nothing but the jackass.

"And our good friend Stoffel also awoke early, for he could no more sleep than they for thinking of the golden donkey. And when he reflected how great a man he should become in his own village, and what a noise his return would make, and how envious every body would be of his good fortune, he could not contain himself for joy. So he quickly dressed himself and went down stairs, and having paid for his lodging, took the donkey, and did not perceive that he had been exchanged; and he led him from thence to his home.

"He arrived at his native place before the evening bell; and his father had fed the cows, and was just going up the steps to his door, when he chanced to espy his son Stoffel advancing along the high road, driving long-ears before him. And when he approached nearer he called out to him—"Well, Stoffel, whence now so soon? and in company, too? have you made your fortune, too, already?" "Yes, father," answered Stoffel, as he drove his grey-coated companion before him into the yard. But his father was angry, and said, "What! have you given all your very portion for that limping jackass; and do you imagine that you have got a fortune in him?" "Yes, dear father, and he is a fortune too,"—and he tied his beast to the railing,—"but do not be cross, father, I have been wiser than brother Hanns—Go, now, however, I pray thee, and collect together all our kinsfolk and acquaintance and neighbours, and then my donkey shall perform his wonderful feat—a feat that I warrant you all will admire." "Aye, aye," said Xavier, "I can easily guess what kind of a feat that will be, that the whole village will laugh at you, as it happened to Hanns, who is now called Gross-Hanns by every body for his pains." "Father," replied Stoffel, "be at ease on that score, and do as I request: you will assuredly praise my sagacity, when you see the bargain I have made. We are rich, father, richer than Schulz, and richer than even the great baron himself, who lives in the castle yonder, on the top of the hill; for this is no ordinary donkey that I have bought,—it is a golden donkey."

"A golden donkey!" exclaimed the father, astonished, and shook his head, but no longer with the same incredulity, for he went down and examined the animal before and behind, and on the right side and the left. And afterwards he went and summoned all his kinsfolk and neighbours, and brought them home with him, relating to them by the way how that his son Stoffel had brought home a golden ass, that would make them as wealthy as the great rich baron himself, and even wealthier.

"And when he came home, with his friends at his heels, the donkey was no longer in the yard, for it had by that time grown quite dark, and Stoffel had led him up into the parlour, and lighted a lamp; for he was fearful that some of the gold pieces might be lost in the yard. As they were all now together in the

room, Stoffel made them stand in a circle round the donkey, and he placed himself near great-coat in the centre. And he said to them—"Now then, mind what happens!" Upon that he turned towards the ass, and cried—"Donkey, strike out!" but the donkey did not strike out. And he called out again—"Donkey, strike out!" but the donkey stood still, as before, and dropped his ears, and moved not a foot. Then the neighbours began to laugh in their sleeves—the father to grumble and scold—and Stoffel to fear that he should be exposed to ridicule and disgrace, like his brother Hanns. Growing angry, he struck the stubborn donkey a hard blow upon the back with his fist, and cried out again and louder, "Donkey, strike out!" But the donkey took this command, at last, in a wrong sense, for he stood upon his fore feet, and struck out his hind legs as far as he could, braying—"Ehaw! ehaw! ehaw!" so that poor Stoffel, who was unluckily standing close behind him, received such a kick from the donkey's hoofs that he was thrown down. Then the friends and kinsfolk and acquaintance burst out into a horse-laugh, and went away, rejoicing as they went to think that old Xavier had again made them such sport. And from that unlucky hour Stoffel was called by every body "Donkey Stoffel," and wherever he went the children bawled after him—"Donkey! ehaw! ehaw! Donkey, strike out!" and the more angry he grew, the more they teased him.

THE AGE REVIEWED.

(Concluded from p. 323.)

In continuing our notice of this poem, we cannot help observing, that the author, with all his power of satire, which is unquestionably great, has made a much less effective attack on bad taste and bad morals, than a writer with less ability, but more caution, might have done. In the first place, he is so uniform in his censure, that we are ready to doubt his power of discriminating between what is good and what is faulty; and, in the next place, he has set himself to prove, that not a writer, with the exception of Lord Byron, from whom we moderns have derived any pleasure, is deserving of any thing but contempt. We really cannot imagine that the present generation of readers has been so entirely mistaken, as our author would make us believe, and we confess that, in spite of his fulminations, we must still continue to admire Wordsworth, Coleridge, L. E. L., and a score others, whom he would persuade us are unworthy of a sensible man's notice. Notwithstanding, however, our feelings on this score, the Age Reviewed is certainly the most original and the most powerful piece of satire that has been published for the last hundred years, and the author deserves to be ranked high among the geniuses of the age. A satirical poem is different from most others. We may praise the poetry, while we do not like its subject matter.

Oxford and Granta! all your steeples bend—
Fellows and wranglers! gown and volume rend,
Quake, Milman, on thy green Parnassian
throne,
And send Anne Boleyn where Belshazzar's
gone;
Ye black professors, shed a classic drop,
For London builds her rival college shop!
What!—though no edifice be yet upreared,

And some, a college company have feared,
Cockaigne, will glory in the chambered pile,
And lisping cockneys represent her Boyle,—
Sir Billy Curtis pant forensic fires,
When turtle swells him, or champagne inspires.
Who knows what ribbon-lord or tanner's son
May rise an Euclid or an Emerson?—
What Persons scan, and criticise by scales,
What Milmans roll out verses with their bales?

“Provide the mansion!” roars the border sage;
“We'll make mechanics, Broughams of the age;
Snug in the hall shall aproned students meet,
Birkbeck shall lecture, for an evening treat,
Till cheapened Knowledge all her stores dis-
close,

And wond'ring masters feel their menials' toes :
“Is ignorance bliss?—tis folly to be wise!—
Exalt mechanics,—and myself will rise;
So shall I daunt the ministerial prig,
And Canning reverence a Scottish whig.
Then, on my darlings!—nobly puff and ply,
Till Archimedes ope your leaden eye,—
And art and theory's illumining rays
Entice the torpid intellect to blaze;
Proceed! till Learning's wanton wings expand,
And wave exulting o'er the lettered land;—
‘Tis Brougham speaks!—no more let ign'rance
soil,

But every finger ache with book-leaf toil.”
“Of all the whining herds that late uprose,
On whose flat page the tide of nonsense flows;
The Lakists hobble woist, in lifeless chime;
Their hills have souls, their ponds are all sub-
lime!—

Convulsive phrensy stir about their brains,
Till moon and stars pour spirit on the plains;
Their hearts beat time to every pheasant's wing,
Their ears catch intellect when owlets sing;—
Their eyes adore the woods for beauty's marks,
While their sweet souls ascend with morning
larks!—

A mystery floats upon the Keswick breeze,
And sprites Castalian chatter from the trees;—
For them the clouds dress up with tints refined,
And every sunbeam serves to light their mind!

Insipid, whimpering out his prosy verse,
As if he moaned it all behind a hearse,
Soft Betty Wordsworth twaddles thro' her line,
Most beautiful,—most pilingly divine;—
A flagging Jeremy, without his sense,
The Lakist bard in native impotence:—

Who, wakeful reads th' Excursion's sleepy page
Of whining dullness and old preachments sage?

There, view, drawled forth the metaphysic
scheme,

Where trash devoutly lends the muse a theme;
And pedlar, pauper, bard, and weaver's wife,
With tuneful logic hum the poet's life:
Dear William! thou for ever on the nod,
Receive my praises for the drowsy god:—
When on my knees th' excursive leaves recline,
How do I bless thee for their anodyne!
Monastic Southe, he whose natal hour
Rich Nature favoured with her largest dower;
In vain apostacy from Keswick comes,
To tickle George's ear with laureate hums;—
Protean bard!—that once could Tyler sing,
Then slipped his hide—and lo! 'twas court and
king!

Since wordy lumps of artificial stuff
Insure thine homage of a Quarter's puff,—
If egotistic spleen can ought avail,
To keep thy laurels green, and odes unstale;—
Long sound the peerless trumpet of thy praise,
Let self for ever load the laureate lays;
In these, the sanction of a tory brain,
More faddling far than Pye or Whitehead's
strain.

Peace to thy pond'rous epics!—few can dare
To waddle through the dronish lumber there;
That last weak dribble came replete with whine,
The Tale of Paraguay—thine, only thine!—

Our author nexts attacks the novelists of
the day:—

‘Have mercy, Smith!—what novels bend the
shelves,
In fat octavoes and in flimsy twelves!
Those printed gew gaws to defile the crude,
Where Fashion yearns to cuckold or be woo'd;
And sentimental misses and coquettes,
Like sucking pigs, whine out their soft regrets:
Here school girls learn the loadstone of their
eyes,

The flush of feeling and exchange of sighs;
Each heart-felt twitch romantic love endures,
Till passion tickle,—and elopement cures!
E'en sluttish housemaids crib a farthing light,
To whimper o'er the novel's page by night;
And then, like heroines, scorning to be wed,
Next night make John the hero of their bed!
How sweetly tempting, flounce the florid troop
Of pleasing sinners in the novel group,
While sensual mewlings charm the easy ear,
Till every crime is worshipped with a tear!
A wanton maid, voluptuous, sweet as May,
Shaped like a Venus from the ocean spray,
Is doomed, (frail thing!) to pluck her virgin
flower,

For some young rake, within a moonlit bower:
Severe to judge, such simple nature there!
“Bewail! sobs Léfanú—an injured fair?”

‘What line shall Fashion paint?—that creed of
fools,
Whose flighty doctrine half the empire rules:—
Queen of the rich,—Minerva of the vain,
Begot by Folly,—cleaved from Falsehood's
brain?

‘Tis Fashion dies the beldame's blistered cheek,
Lives in her errant gaze, and kitten squeak;
‘Tis Fashion rolls the lech'ry of the eye,
Breathes in the tone, and wantons in the sigh,
Deals with the gambler, pilfers with the rogue,
And gives to wealth, a new-made decalogue!
Shall satire dread the judgment of a frown,
When monsters brave, and villains lead the
town!—

When foreign strumpets dare the public gaze,
And English mothers think they grace our plays!
The times are come when arts Parisian please,
And Britons to be Englishmen must cease:
To Gallic shores our demi-reps resort,—
Return again—and all their filth import;
Then like French apes, these scented mongrels
talk,
Feast like the French, and like the Frenchmen
walk.

And can it be, that Albion's deemed no more
A fairer, nobler clime than Gallia's shore?
Must England stoop to be the mime of France,
Beget her toaders, and adopt her dance?
For novel crimes, need English spendthrifts
roam,

And kindly teach them to us boors at home?
What morals mark that blood-presuming rank,
Where cultured villains emulate each prank!
Who best can Guzzle down the nineteenth glass,
Denounce a wittal, and select a lass;
Genteelly damn, or sprawl a low lampoon.
And pipe the bawdry of a stable tune;
Or growl in cock-pits, shuffle at the “hell,”
Supply a harem, and proclaim it well!
E'en women patronize the vice in vogue,
And hail the triumphs of a rakish rogue;
Or pat his cheek in love-resenting play,
While oglings ask, what lips would blush to say.

A mother's love,—resistless speaks that claim,
When first the cherub lisps her gentle name!
And looking up, it moves its little tongue,
In passive dalliance to her bosom clung;—
‘Tis sweet to view the sinless baby rest,
To drink its life-spring from her nursing breast;
And mark the smiling mother's mantling eyes,
While hushed beneath, the helpless infant lies;
How fondly pure that unobtruding pray'r,
Breathed gently o'er the listless sleeper there!
‘Tis nature this!—the forest beast can hug,
And cubs are nestled 'neath its milky dug;
But Fashion petrifies the human heart,
Scared at her nod, see ev'ry love depart!

The following is excellent, and ought to
make those it alludes to tremble:—

‘Now for the apex of polluted souls,
No shame subdues, no reverence controls,
Puffed into pertness, pand'ring to the time,
Two pinnacles of blasphemy and crime;—
Come, godless, blushless—England's vilest
pair,
Blots on her land, and pestful to the air,—
C— and T—!—may each kindred name
Be linked to one eternity of shame!

First, thou, the cap'ring coxcomb of the two,
With head upshooting from thy coat of blue,—
Say, what has “reverend” to do with thee,
Though big and bloated with effrontery?
Wert reverend when round thee loll'd a gang,
To drink the poison of thine impious slang;
And on Heav'n's book thy cursed feet then trod,
To foam thy foulness at the throne of God?—
Wert reverend when from the pot-house turn'd,
And drunken fevers through thy bosom burn'd,
Mean to the larc'ny of a paltry pot,
At once a rogue, an Atheist, and a sot!
Or, reverend,—when to each Christian fane
Thou lead'st the barking bull-dogs of thy train,
In mean and native brutishness of mind,
To growl thy dogmas, and pervert the blind?—
Go, caitiff!—put a mask upon that face,
The staring mirror of thy soul's disgrace,
Go, seek some dunghill to harangue thy breed,
And there enjoy the dark satanic creed:—
Though stiff in port, and stately with thy glass,
May good men frown, whene'er they see thee
pass,

Till even infant tongues shall lisp thee, “vile,”
And Britons hoot thee from their tainted isle!

The base we've had, of every kind and hue,
The bloody, lech'rous, and unnatural too—
But never yet the wretch that equalled thee,
Thou synonyme of all depravity;
Thy mind as cankered as thy columns vile,—
Thou pois'rous, poor polluting thing—C—!

‘The doleful thunder of the deep-mouthed bell,
Hath rolled to Heaven the dying day's farewell;
And, like a death-groan from a tomb in air,
The echo bounds with dismal mutter there;—
‘Tis midnight hour:—through England's city
queen

Her countless lamps throw out their glitt'ring
sheen;
And oft, some pensive pilgrims trace awhile,
The far faint lustre of their twinkling file,—
Then turning, look, where more serenely bright,
Smile the sweet spirit stars of list'ning night.

The city slumbers, like a dreary heart,
Whose chaining sorrows tremblingly depart;
And now, what victims are within her walls,
Whom changeful Fortune martyrs, guides and
thralls!

The pale-cheeked mourner in the dungeon's
tomb,
The glad ones tripping o'er the wax-lit room,—

The proud and mean—the wealthy and the poor,
The free to spend—the miser at his ore,
All now, from ev'ry shade of woe and joy,
In changeful moods their midnight hour employ:
How many pillows bear some fev'rish head,
Damp with the weepings on their downy spread;
How many eyes, in sealing slumber hid,
With tear-drops quivering on their wan-cold lid!

A day of thought, and mingled labour past,
Upwatched,—unknown,—with dreamy front
o'ercast,

Won by the starry time, I've loved to walk
The silent city, and with feeling talk;
While on the languor of a fevered frame,
The vesper calm of cooling midnight came:
The glistening choir around their Dian queen,
The heaven of azure, mellowed and serene;
With all the blen'ed musings of the heart,—
Then told me, Night, how eloquent thou art!
Here, while I paced along the shrub-crown'd
square,
Between whose laurels fit the lamps' faint glare,
And watchlights from illumined wiudows
played,

Athwart the quiet street their flick'ring braid,—
Recalling Mem'ry bade her spells disclose,
And iev'rend visions on my fancy rose:
Each matchless yet'ian of true English days,
With all the story of their tears and praise,—
The peerless spirits of our glorious clime,
Seemed hov'ring near to consecrate the time!

Our readers will have seen sufficiently of the Age Reviewed, from the above extracts, to understand the merits of the work. The author's moral denunciations are unquestionably the finest part of the poem.

With the literary personalities of our author, we have desired to have nothing to do; we will, however, allude to one of his attacks, which is both paltry and unmanly. We mean the lines referring to Miss Landon. He has been pleased to catch hold of her having been called the Sappho of the age, to string together some common-place witticisms, which are really unworthy the character of his mind. We know not whether he have ever read the little which remains of the Grecian poetess, but we may safely challenge him to find in any writer lines more impressed with the same glow and inspiration of the heart than many of L. E. L.'s. The poetry of Sappho is however like the song of a dream. We know little or nothing of it with certainty. It is the mere idealism of a young poet's heart, and the mere romance of passion, which gives it its life and character. Miss Landon's poetry we consider as coming nearest of any to this beau ideal style of Sappho. There is a sweetness and a grace in her verses, which neither art nor imitation could have taught her, and when our author speaks of her phraseology, we should be glad to know how certain ideas are to be expressed without the terms which apply to them, or how an artist can paint a dozen portraits without using some of the same colours in all. Had we room we would gladly say more on this subject, as we cannot be suspected of any interested partiality to Miss Landon's poetry; it being a known feature in the pages of our rival, but deservedly respected, contemporary.

THE YOUTH AND MANHOOD OF CYRIL THORNTON.

(Continued from p. 322.)

It was as a fine display of the art which lays bare the human bosom with all its intricacies of selfishness and passion that we expressed our admiration of Cyril Thornton; and though many parts of the relation which refers to his continental adventures are admirable in their kind, we cannot but think it is less in these than in any other portion of the work that the author displays the force and originality of his mind. There is a vulgarity in mere campaigning stories, especially when mixed up with fiction, and,—after one extract, which amusingly describes a levee at the Horse Guards when General Dundas presided there,—we hasten over the preceding details of our hero's adventures to the time when he was just recovering from a frightful wound received in a late engagement. We must, however, mention, that, previous to his departure for the continent, he had become the serious though secret lover of Lord Amersham's daughter, Lady Meli ent. The state of his mind at this period is powerfully described.

'In order to prevent my being utterly forgotten at the Horse Guards, I adopted Lord Amersham's advice, and determined, before quitting town, to attend the levee of the commander-in-chief, and personally solicit the promotion, which I thought was due to my services. With this view I waited on Colonel Torrens, and having informed him of my claims, and their object, I was directed to attend on the following Tuesday, at two o'clock, when I should have the honour of an interview with Sir David Dundas.

'I was punctual in my attendance at the appointed hour, and, on my arrival, was ushered into a large antechamber, filled with officers of all ranks and descriptions. The levee was already proceeding. General after general was admitted into the presence-chamber, and after a longer or a shorter audience, was dismissed, to make way for a successor.

'Three tedious hours did I wait before my turn for admission came. They passed, however, less heavily than might have been expected, for, in the crowd which filled the antechamber, I had the good fortune to meet with an agreeable companion. He was a Major O'Shaughnessy, a captain of seventeen years' standing, who had only recently received a brevet majority. The major was most vehement in the exposition of his wrongs. He had endured all varieties of climate—he had fought in the east and in the west—had been taken prisoner by Tippoo Saib—and shot through the body at the capture of Guadalupe. In his return from India, the ship in which he sailed had been wrecked, and his wife and two children drowned. With all this series of service and suffering, he still remained a captain, nor had even the promotion of brevet been given to him till it had become his right, from being bestowed on every other officer of similar standing in the army. Still the veteran's spirit was unbroken, and he that day attended the levee for the first time of his life, apparently less from the hope of any beneficial consequence to himself, than from a certain abstract pleasure, which he felt in the detail of his wrongs. When I compared my own claims and services with his, I could scarcely help feeling a little ashamed of the errand on which I had come,

and was even disposed to demur to my own right to advancement in the service, when such officers as my grey-haired companion were suffered to remain unrewarded with promotion.

'While engaged in these reflections, I heard my name pronounced by the usher in a loud voice, and starting up, I passed immediately through a folding-door, and stood in the presence of the commander-in-chief. He was an emaciated old man, apparently in the very last stage of physical debility, and evidently altogether unequal to the arduous and important duties of the office to which he had been recently appointed. Still the air of a soldier had not deserted him; age had not descended lightly on his head, but he did not bend under the burden of his years. His person was erect, and one might, in his gait and deportment, still discern some remnant of the man, who had studied discipline and tactics under the immediate eye of Frederick the Great. To that monarch, indeed, as he is represented in his later years, Sir David Dundas was not without some personal resemblance.

'On my entrance, Sir David bowed, and requested me to inform him of my claims and wishes. I did so. I stated, I was now a captain of nearly five years' standing. That I had served in America; that I had twice been taken prisoner in the Peninsula; that I had once the cleverness and good sense to escape; that I was now about to return to my regiment abroad; in short, that he then saw before him a most excellent and praiseworthy officer, whom it would be highly creditable to his own judgment, and beneficial to the service, to promote. In fact, having cast off the modesty which encumbered the eloquence of Othello, I prudely did every thing in my power, to

"Grace my cause in speaking of myself."

'Sir David, to do him justice, heard me out with the most imperturbable patience, then assured me that my claims should be noted, and that it would give him pleasure to promote my views, whenever a favourable opportunity might occur. He concluded by two or three bows, then ringing his bell, the door was thrown open, another name announced, and I took my departure. Such was the conclusion of the only levee I ever attended at the Horse- Guards.'

'I remember the day, when, curious to observe the change they had produced in my appearance, I ordered a looking-glass to be brought, and gazed upon my countenance as reflected on its surface. Heaven and earth, what did I behold, ere it dropped from my relaxing fingers, and I sank back half fainting on my couch! I felt as if a frightful Gorgon had looked forth on me from the mirror. It was not, I at first thought—it could not be, my own face, that had thus hideously glared on me.—Alas, my doubts were shortlived. A dreadful truth, of which, till then, I had been ignorant, was at that moment revealed. I knew that I was thenceforth destined to be in men's eyes but an object of pity or aversion.

'There may exist philosophers, on whom such a change of external appearance, might make but a trivial impression; who, devoting all their energies to brightening the jewel, care little for the casket in which it is enclosed. Such men I envy, and admire. They are formed to play a nobler and a better part, and they will find at least one portion of their reward, in being exempted from the chance of such sufferings as those to which I was a prey.

'In my constitution, however, there was but a small leaven of original power. What I was,

education and the world had made me. Mine was not a mind of strong internal resources, and alike by my ambition and pursuits I was bound closely to society. In such circumstances, a sudden change had come upon me. What I had been, I was no longer—I could never be again. The prepossessions excited by personal appearance, were, in future, not to be *for* me, but *against* me. I must enter society under disadvantages which it was impossible to overcome. I was to labour under the conviction of being an object, whom *men*, indeed, might tolerate, but from whom *woman* would instinctively shrink back.

It was not the loss of mere personal advantages which excited my regret; these might have departed, uncared-for and disregarded. I would have been but as thousands are, and the course of my life would still have flowed on, calmly and unruffled. But to be different from my fellow-men, to be singled out among them as an object of remarkable deformity, whom pity and aversion were doomed to follow as his shadow,—to be a creature offensive to all,—was more, far more, than I could calmly bear.

Several days had elapsed before I again had courage to gaze on the reflection of my features. When I did so, the vehemence of my emotion had passed, and my feelings were calmer, though not less deep. Such a creature as I gazed on! My face was pale and haggard, my eyes sunk deeply in their sockets, and my features were frightfully distorted by a wound, reaching from the temple to the mouth, by which my upper lip had been divided, and the extent of which was indicated by a long red scar. The whole expression of my countenance was changed, and the very features I beheld seemed those of a stranger.

Happy, however—comparatively happy, at least—was the moment when I quitted Elvas, and found myself on the road to Lisbon. Oh, that bed, which had for months been to me the unchanging theatre of pain, how did my heart leap, when I knew that I had quitted it for ever! The memory of all the cheerless days and weary nights I had passed in it vanished in a moment, as my eye once more gazed on the blue firmament, and I felt my throbbing brow bathed by the first gushing of the free air!

While yet at Lisbon, I received a letter from Lady Melicent. She at length had learned that I had been wounded, and expressed many fond fears and flattering anxieties on my account. In the delightful emotions which the perusal of this letter excited, all other thoughts and feelings were for a time absorbed. After so long a silence, the most indifferent words traced by her pen could not be otherwise than precious. Yet when the first glow of gladness had subsided, I imagined there was something in its tone and character different from that by which her former letters had been marked. Why I thought so, I cannot tell. I could detect no coldness; the sympathy it expressed for my sufferings was deep, and apparently sincere. I weighed every word of the letter; I analysed each expression; I pondered long and deeply on every sentence. Criticism lent no aid to my conclusions, yet the instinctive consciousness within me, though unsupported, was unshaken. It came not from reason, nor at the voice of reason would it depart. It was something to be felt, not proved—a conviction—shadowy perhaps, yet firm and immovable.

I felt, however, that no change of sentiment on the part of her I loved, could now influence my destiny. Fortune had cast an im-

passable barrier betwixt us. Love! what a creature am I, I exclaimed, in bitterness of soul, to think of love! As I spoke, I cast my eyes on a mirror that hung in the apartment, and gazed on the reflection of my own miserable form. Is this the remains of the gay and gallant youth who had won the guerdon of a lady's heart, for which the proudest had striven, and in vain? This poor, maimed, defaced, and wasted object, can thought of passion still linger in his heart? Where now are the strong and glorious pulses with which it once beat, as if, in the fulness of passion, it would have burst its prison-bonds to have throbbed in freedom? Is this the countenance on which ladies have smiled? Are these the eyes, dim, cold, and hollow, which have exchanged glances of love with the proudest and most beautiful of her sex? And are these thin and distorted lips, those that whispered a tale of burning love in the ear of the Lady Melicent?

I dashed my clenched hand on my forehead, as I turned from the mirror. No! I exclaimed, I may excite pity, my fate may draw tears from her eyes; I may be to her an object of tender—nay even of fond regret, but of love—Oh never, never, never! Farewell for ever all thought of passion. In woman's eyes I am become a fearful and a loathsome thing. I will give back to the Lady Melicent her vows; I will free her from her plighted troth; I will resign my claim to the dearest blessing of Heaven. Yet never shall the love I bear her pass away. It shall go down with me to my grave, and her name shall be mingled in my latest prayer.

These resolutions were made when my feelings were under the influence of high excitement, but I did not swerve from them in my calmer moments. Lady Melicent should be free, or rather in justice, she was already free. I was not the man to whom her heart had yielded. The blow that smote me to the earth had widowed her first love, and she again was free and unshackled as the blackbird in the summer trees, or the lark upon the hill. But even if in the constancy of her heart she still desired to unite her fate to mine, never, never would I consent to the sacrifice of one so generous and noble. It fitted not that beauty should be linked to the maimed and the decrepid. Such an union was unnatural, it was revolting. Even to wish it, was to become contemptible in my own eyes—and in the eyes of the world—no, the world never should despise me. * * * * *

Laura Willoughby! How often since we last parted, had her image started up, like a thing of light and life, amid the darkness of my memory! With how many dear associations, tranquil, yet serenely beautiful in their tranquillity, was not her image in my imagination, indissolubly connected! From her fair eyes it was, that my heart had first learned its rudiments of love. It was when breathed from her soft voice, that the spirit of sweet music had first sunk meltingly into my soul. Not from the painter's or the sculptor's art, but from Laura, young, beautiful, and joyous, as I remembered her, had I drawn my first conceptions of female beauty, which time had never afterwards obliterated from my heart and fancy. And yet I had loved another! I had been false and recreant to all the finest and the holiest impulses of my nature. Why was this? Why had I suffered my heart to be led astray, from its allegiance to one, on whom, I now felt, it might have rested, and been happy? In

which of the ennobling and peculiar attributes of woman, was Laura Willoughby inferior to the highest and the proudest of her sex? Had I not, in forsaking her for another, been misled by ambition? Were all the sufferings I had incurred,—all the torture and the anguish which had brought me to the brink of the grave, more than a just retribution for my offence? She had loved me. I had sacrificed her peace of mind, but had not secured my own. The victims had, indeed, bled, but the demon had not been propitiated.

The consequences of this event were fearful to poor Cyril. Horrified at his own appearance, he releases the Lady Melicent from her vows, and she, with a most gracious acceptance of the favour, immediately marries another. Our hero then becomes indifferent to every thing around him, till, during a visit to his friends at Middlethorpe, he discovers the fond and unshaken fidelity of his heart's earliest mistress; their last interview is prettily described:—

The week which I intended to pass at Middlethorpe carried with it much of sadness of spirit; for it was felt by all to be the prelude of a parting, and that parting—an eternal one. In the course of it, Frank Willoughby, who had been in town, on my arrival, came to accompany me to the place of embarkation, and bid me farewell. The week soon passed, and I was still at Middlethorpe. When I talked of departure, Lucy, with streaming eyes, would throw her arms about my neck, and implore me not to leave England in the feeble and precarious state to which I had been reduced, and call on Laura to join in her entreaties. Laura was silent, yet raised her eyes on me, with a look of pity and of kindness, which spoke more than words could have conveyed. But my resolution was taken, and I would not be moved.

"Nay, Lucy," I answered, "why should I remain in a country, in which life has lost for me all charm. In the excitements of the field, I may yet find something to stir my sluggish spirit into action; and if I die—alas, what loss do I create to any one but you?"

Laura bent down, and hid her face as I spoke, that I might not read her emotion.

Though my determination was unshaken, it was difficult to be carried into effect. Lucy, in the fulness of her heart, would beg but for a single day, and could I refuse her? No. Yet this could not last for ever, and delay it as I might, I knew that the moment of the final struggle must come at last.

At length it came. I had made my arrangements unknown to any of the family, and the carriage was at the door before I had announced my intention. Then I sought Laura, for with her, I felt it necessary to my happiness, to have a short interview before my departure, to tell her, on the eve of an eternal separation, that I did not part from her in cold indifference of heart. She was not in the house. I learned she had gone out an hour or two before, and had not yet returned. I went forth into the park in search of her, I visited her favourite walk, beneath the spreading arms of the gigantic beeches, and I called aloud upon her name, but received no answer. Then I sought her in her flower garden, but that had long been neglected, and she was not there. I remembered her favourite bower, on the banks of a shady dell, in which she delighted to seek retirement, when the sun was high. This bower was peculiarly her own, and here, even by her own family, her solitude was held sa-

ced from intrusion. Thither my steps were beat. As I approached, no sound was heard but the murmuring of the brook beneath, and the carolling of the birds from the branches of the leafy wilderness, in which it stood embowered. When I came within a few yards I stopped, unwilling to intrude suddenly on her privacy, and in a low, but audible voice, I pronounced her name. No answer was returned, and uncertain whether it contained the object of my search, I at length approached the door.

"When I entered, she was seated at a rustic table, with her face buried in her hands. A bunch of wild flowers was before her, and a book lay open upon the table. She did not move on my entrance, and I again addressed her.

"Laura," I said, "I am come to bid you farewell."

"She raised her head quickly and suddenly, as if surprised by my presence. She rose as she beheld me.

"You are going," she said, and extending her hand towards me, she sunk back upon her seat, as if exhausted by the effort. Her face was pale as death, and her eyes in a moment became lustreless and glassy.

"Oh, Laura, you are ill; excuse me for having thus intruded on your privacy, but I felt I could not depart without seeing you once more."

I saw she was struggling to speak, but could not, for her lips moved, yet they produced no sound. At length the word farewell, in deep and suffocating tones, was faltered from her lips.

"Ere I bid you farewell, Laura, I have something to say, which I could not be happy were I to leave unspoken. I would not have you believe me unkind—ungrateful. Alas, could you read my heart, you would know I am neither."

As I spoke I seated myself beside her on the mossy bench—her head fell upon my shoulder, and in a few minutes the power of utterance was restored to her lips.

"What passed at that interview, words shall never tell.

The carriage was countermanded. I did not return to the army."

Stray Leaves; including Translations from the Lyric Poets of Germany, with brief Notices of their Works. Foolscap 8vo. pp. 165. London, 1827. Treuttel and Co.

VERY few of the productions of the German muse are known to the mere English reader, especially those belonging to the class of lyrical composition. This little volume exhibits many specimens of this description, from Gleim, Herder, Goethe, Schiller, Matthisson, Höty, and other eminent writers; many of which display considerable ability and poetic feeling, as well as taste in the selection, while they also convey a faithful idea of the versification of the originals.

The following piece, from Schiller, contains some fine thoughts:—

TO MY FRIENDS.

"Yes, beloved friends! fairer times have been Than the present—as the past hath seen, And a nobler people graced the earth: Were all record silent on the story Many a sculptured stone attests their glory— Dug from out the dust to second birth. Faded are those times—that renowned race, Though in mem'ry lives their names; We—we the living occupy their place, And the living have their claims.

"Fairer climes there are—a lovelier spot Than the land where Heaven hath fixed our lot, As the widely-travelled pilgrim tells; But for all that Nature hath denied us, On the smiling gifts of art we pride us— As her genial warmth our bosom swells. Though the laurel blossoms not around,

And the myrtle shrinks at winter's voice— With the clustering vine our brows are bound, And her nectar calls us to rejoice.

"On the mighty Thames—the nations' mart— Where all navies hasten and depart— Echo deeper sounds of busy trade; There exchanging worlds their freights unlade, Mammon reigns supreme in every heart— And the costliest treasures are displayed. But it is not on the troubled stream

Swelled by torrents that the sun-beams play; Loves the best his calm and golden beam On the silent lake at eve to stray.

"Than the north—assigned to us by fate— Even the beggar hath a nobler home At St. Angelo's imperial gate—

For he gazes on immortal Rome: Round him rapture satiates his eye, And another heaven in the sky Towers St. Peter's everlasting dome: But 'tis only the reviving flower Scatters fragrance from its dewy bed;

What is Rome—in all her beauty's power— But a shadow of the mighty dead?

"Greater scenes are passing—we agree Than with us—within our narrow sphere; And though novelty we never see, Yet to us as on a stage appear

At the bidding of the master's skill Acting o'er again their lessons here—

All the mighty dead revived at will. Change is wedded to a mortal's hand; Fancy only hath perpetual May; In the lovely realms of fairy-land Spring alone hath universal sway."

From among the original compositions, we select the Address to the Thistle:—

"Badge of a people high in arms, In love, in song, renowned ay;— Thy very name my bosom warms— Dear theme of many a raptured lay!

"Heaven bade thy rugged form advance And bloom beneath a northern sky— Proud—as the fleur-de-lys of France, Or England's rose, of flaunting dye.

"When on thy hills the foeman poured, In Roman or in Saxon rage,— Thy image lent the hero's sword, A sterner glance—a keener edge.

"And ever where the Wallace fought, Or Bruce in kingly terror rode— Thy presence 'mong the Southron brought, The presence of th' incensed God.

"Thy crest is seen on every field, Where valour fights, or freedom bleeds; Colombia, Greece, fresh laurels yield, To twine around thy former deeds.

"Still may thy sons unchanging feel Th' unconquerable thirst of fame— The inborn love of Scotia's weal— Entwined for ever with thy name.—

"Badge of a people high in arms— In love, in song, renowned ay, Whose very name my bosom warms— Dear theme of many a raptured lay!"

That there is much poetical merit in these stanzas will hardly be disputed; there is, too, in our opinion, a considerable degree of originality in the lines

**TO AN INSECT,
FLUTTERING ABOUT ON A FINE WINTER'S DAY.**

"Child of summer on the wing

In bleak November's gloomy reign— Deem'st thou so soon the balmy spring

Hath visited the earth again?

Short slumb'ring in thy torpid nook

The sun awakens thee too soon—

Awhile to flutter on the brook—

Awhile to sport amid the noon.

Trust not this fleeting golden beam,

This genial sky and softened air;

For death will glaze the sparkling stream,

And stretch thee cold and stiffened there.

Thou silly fool where are the flowers—

The balsam-dust thou fed upon?

The music of the twilight bowers?

Dost thou not see how all are gone?

The sunbeam smiles! enough for thee

The transient bliss its radiance lends;

Thou dost not feel—thou dost not see—

The gloomy future that impends!"

We will conclude our extracts with the following stanzas:—

TO GREECE.

"When hoary wisdom, to the brave

Of ages past, in thee—

Immortal Greece! her counsel gave,—

'Twas—ever to be free!

"And Poesy the lesson taught

To many a list'ning throng;

Inspiring, as her bosom wrought,

With ecstasy of song!

"Their mingling voices Hellas woke,

As with an earthquake's sound;

And never could a stranger's yoke

Pollute her sacred ground.

"Her native plains his burial-place—

Her mountain-pass his bed—

His dust too honoured in disgrace

To mingle with her dead.

"But wilt thou say—what boots the slave—

The glories of his line;

Or what to him the vanished brave—

The tale of Troy divine?

"Reviler! even for ages more,

Though slavery debases—

The stamp of Heaven the Spartan bore,

No ages can efface.

"For still does holy Freedom dwell

Each haunted stream beside;

Still from the muses' sacred well,

Aonian murmurs glide!

"As blue the wave—the balmy sky—

The heart as virtue-fraught—

As when a Socrates could die—

As when a Plato taught.

"O lead me where the Samian fields

Untilled—uncultured lie;

That, ere the bloody Moslem yields—

While yet my arm its weapon wields—

For Hellas I may die!"

The volume is dedicated, in some pleasing and appropriate lines, to Thomas Campbell, Esq.

DIRECTIONS FOR THE STUDY OF THEOLOGY.

(Concluded from page 313.)

SPEAKING of the advantage possessed by his son, in the able instruction he received in his theological studies while at College, the bishop adds; but 'it is only of the very elements of any science, that, in the University, the knowledge can be acquired from the lectures of the most celebrated professor.' Admitting the truth of this, we must also assert

another, that, of all the sciences, *theology* is, perhaps, the least attended to in our universities. We were not prepared, therefore, for the following words to those just quoted. 'This knowledge would indeed be sufficient for the curate of a parish, had he nothing to do but' these two things,—1, 'To illustrate the essential articles of our holy faith;' and 2, 'To inculcate on his parishioners the precepts of the Gospel;' for had the knowledge of divinity to be acquired at those seats of learning, been greater than it is, we should have thought it insufficient for these purposes. But Bishop Gleig may entertain a different opinion; as, of all a clergyman's duty, he views that just named as 'the least difficult,' though 'the most pleasing and important part.' We are glad of the confession here made; for what more pleasing, more important duty should there be, to a Christian minister, than to exhibit to his people the grand doctrines of the Gospel, and to lead them in the way, the end of which is everlasting blessedness! But is this the *least difficult* part of his office? We apprehend not, if he wish rightly to discharge it. There may be views of the Gospel not very difficult of promulgation; but if its essential articles and precepts be in direct opposition to the opinions and practices of the multitude, and the preaching of them be likely to excite great prejudice and resistance; then the duty of a minister, now referred to, is not one for which he can be prepared so easily by a few years' residence at a university, or any where else. We believe it to be a duty for which he cannot be properly qualified by any human teacher, or the consumption of his midnight oil on any human composition; that it is one of great difficulty, and for which he can find the requisite qualifications in the word of God alone, and must be prepared by that Being who is the fountain of wisdom, the eternal and uncreated Light, by whose leading he is supposed by the church to have assumed the office of a spiritual teacher, and who will assuredly render every workman in his vineyard qualified to do the work to which he hath called him.

If the knowledge to be acquired in our universities, however, be accounted sufficient for what the bishop is pleased to call the least difficult part of the pastoral office, he himself does not deem it *altogether* sufficient; for there is another part of that office, which he seems to think requires a deeper acquaintance with theological science than can be there obtained. A curate 'has to guard' his parishioners 'against innumerable errors, which are circulated among all ranks of the people, from the highest to the lowest, with the utmost industry, and pressed on them with the greatest art and earnestness, by men, whose real object seems to be the overthrow of the church, and not of the church only, but also of the Christian religion.' It must be of great consequence to know who the men are here alluded to. The first character is the philosophical deist, who 'rejects as impostures every dispensation of revealed religion, by decrying the *possibility*, or at least the *credibility*, of miracles, on which alone the claim of any religion, professing

to be a revelation by God, can be established*; and in the course of his reasonings, he appears to exhibit such views of the nature of that God, whom he acknowledges, as were admitted even by Spinoza, and constitute, indeed, that species of atheism which, by the ancients, was called Pantheism.' Such doctrines could do little harm, were there not sciolists every where ready to bring them down to the capacity of the vulgar, by turning all reasoning into ridicule, and contending we can believe nothing for which we have not the evidence of some of our five senses.

But the flock of God the bishop thinks is in equal, if not greater danger, from the writings of professed Christians, who force the Scriptures by false criticism and false translations, to teach doctrines contrary to the truth. 'The modern Unitarians, by magnifying the intellectual powers of man, and calling in question the authenticity or inspiration of such passages of Scripture as teach doctrines which no *human*, perhaps no *created* being can fully comprehend, have brought down Christianity to the level of that species of deism, which, less revolting than the Pantheism of the present age, admits of the moral attributes of God and of the probability of a future state, in which the souls of men shall be rewarded or punished, according to the deeds done in the body.' With such, 'moral virtue comprehends the whole of our duty; and aware of the influence of celebrated names on superficial minds, they have constantly in their mouths the distich of the poetical pupil of Bolingbroke,—

'For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
He can't be wrong, whose life is in the right.'

Lastly, 'as men know not where to stop when they withdraw themselves from the guidance of the unsophisticated word of God,' the bishop thus accounts for the existence of some fanatical sects who contend, 'not only that Christ died for our sins, but also that, if we believe in his atonement as made for *us*, all our sins will be imputed to *him*, and all his righteousness will be imputed to *us*, and that this will be done by that omniscient and just Being, who cannot mistake one person for another, nor confound the innocent with the guilty.' And he thinks it not easy to decide, which of the two last views of Christianity is 'the most erroneous or the most pernicious.' We fear this language is levelled not at Antinomians only, but at those also who, abandoning their own works and deservings, as of no avail towards their justification, flee for refuge to the hope set before them; who, while they are strict in inculcating the necessity of good works and a holy life, exalt the free grace of God. We wish there may be no further aim than the language used might seem to express.

We approve of the general tenor of the bishop's caution to his son, 'to avoid all appearance of controversy, in noticing erroneous doctrines, unless on points where he knew the people to have been misled.' But in the following passage, relative to the concealment of the particular author or sect whose objec-

* For the fulfilment of prophecy, when obvious, is a direct miracle; and the first revelation must have been attested when it was made.

tions a preacher may find it proper to refute, we do not think with him exactly; we could mention instances in which the plan he recommends has been acted upon, little to the credit of the preacher; and we think such a recommendation destructive to that honest, upright, manliness of conduct and expression which should, by every minister, be cultivated with the utmost care.

Cordially do we agree in the sentiment we are about to cite: 'To teach the truth, the whole truth as it is in Jesus, so as to prevent the audience from deviating from it either to the right hand or to the left, cannot be done by any man who hath not himself a clear and comprehensive view of the origin and object of the Christian religion.' And we would desire that it might be the ceaseless effort of every minister to attain such a view; for then would Religion be likely to flourish in her pristine purity, our churches be filled with crowded auditories, and all nations reap abundant benefit.

The chief things to which we object in the following letters, we shall not particularly name, further than that they will be found in the letters which treat of our fall in Adam and our redemption by Christ, justification, regeneration, &c., because we could not pursue a different course without entering into theological controversy at greater length than would, we believe, be acceptable to the readers of this journal.

We here rest for the present, repeating our sentiment, that if there be much to blame in this work, especially considering its design, there are also parts from which much instruction may be derived.

THE PRAIRIE.

(Concluded from p. 292.)

We have been unavoidably compelled to defer our concluding notice of this very interesting novel, from the numerous works of the same class which demanded our attention. Very few, however, deserve a higher degree of praise, or are more fitted to ensure considerable popularity. It is excellent both for its various and exciting scenes, and the novelty of the characters which it brings before us. Among the numerous sketches which it contains of Indian manners and character, each of which is almost perfect in itself, those of Mahoree's visit to the slumbering camp of Ishmael Bush,—the different contests with the Sioux,—and the assembly of Teton warriors, are all admirable, as well as the characters of the Trapper, Ishmael Bush, and the young Pawnee chief. The story is too wandering to admit of an abstract that would do justice to its merit; and we, therefore, give our readers the beautifully-drawn picture of a Sioux girl, whose husband was on the point of forsaking her, for one of his fair captives:—

'There was still another and a third figure in that little knot of females. It was the youngest, the most highly gifted, and, until now, the most favoured of the wives of the Teton. Her charms had not been without the most powerful attraction, in the eyes of her husband, until they had so unexpectedly opened on the surpassing loveliness of a woman of the Pale-faces. From that hapless mo-

ment, the graces, the attachment, the fidelity of the young Indian, had lost their power to please. Still the complexion of Tachechana, though less dazzling than that of her rival, was, for her race, clear and healthy. Her hazle eye had the sweetness and playfulness of the antelope's; her voice was soft and joyous as the song of the wren, and her happy laugh was the very melody of the forest. Of all the Sioux girls, Tachechana (the Fawn) was the lightest-hearted and the most envied. Her father had been a distinguished brave, and her brothers had already left their bones on a distant and dreary war-path. Numberless were the warriors who had sent presents to the lodge of her parents; but none of them were listened to, until a messenger from the Great Mahtoree had come. She was his third wife it is true, but she was confessedly the most favoured of them all. Their union had existed but two short seasons, and its fruits now lay sleeping at her feet, wrapped in the customary ligatures of skin and bark, which form the swaddlings of an Indian infant' * * * *

'But there had been a striken, though a motionless and unobserved auditor of the foregoing scene. Not a syllable had fallen from the lips of the long and auxiously expected husband, that had not gone directly to the heart of his unoffending wife. In this manner had he wooed her from the lodge of her father; and it was to listen to similar pictures of the renown and deeds of the greatest brave in her tribe, that she had shut her ears to the tender tales of so many of the Sioux youths.

'As the Teton turned to leave his lodge, in the manner just mentioned, he found this unexpected and half-forgotten object before him. She stood in the humble guise, and with the shrinking air of an Indian girl, holding the pledge of their former loves in her arms, directly in his path. Starting for a single instant, the chief regained the marble-like indifference of countenance, which distinguished in so remarkable a degree the restrained or more artificial expression of his features, and signed to her, with an air of authority, to give place.

“Is not Tachechana the daughter of a chief?” demanded a subdued voice, in which pride struggled fearfully with anguish. “Were not her brothers braves?”

“Go; the men are calling their partisan. He has no ears for a woman.”

“No,” replied the suppliant; “it is not the voice of Tachechana that you hear, but this boy, speaking with the tongue of his mother. He is the son of a chief, and his words will go up to his father's ears. Listen to what he says. When was Mahtoree hungry, and Tachechana had not food for him? When did he go on the path of the Pawnees and find it empty, that my mother did not weep? When did he come back with the marks of their blows, that she did not sing? What Sioux girl has given a brave a son like me! Look at me well, that you may know me. My eyes are the eagle's; I look at the sun, and laugh. In a little time the Dahcotahs will follow me to the hunts and on the war-path. Why does my father turn his eyes from the woman that gives me milk? Why has he so soon forgotten the daughter of a mighty Sioux?”

There was a single instant, as the exulting father suffered his cold eye to wander to the face of the laughing boy, that the stern nature of the Teton seemed touched. But shaking off the grateful sentiment, like one who would gladly be rid of any painful, because reproachful, emotion, he laid his hand calmly on the

arm of his wife, and led her directly in front of Inez. Pointing to the sweet countenance that was beaming on her own, with a look of tenderness and commiseration, he paused, to allow his wife to contemplate a loveliness, which was quite as excellent to her ingenuous mind as it had proved dangerous to the character of her faithless husband. When he thought abundant time had passed to make the contrast sufficiently striking, he suddenly raised a small mirror, that dangled at her breast, an ornament he had himself bestowed in an hour of fondness, as a compliment to her beauty, and placed her own dark image in its place. Wrapping his robe again about him, the Teton motioned to the trapper to follow, and stalked haughtily from the lodge, muttering as he went, “Mahtoree is very wise! What nation has so great a chief as the Dahcotahs?”

Tachechana stood for a minute, as if frozen into a statue of humility. Her mild and usually joyous countenance worked, as though the struggle within was about to dissolve the connection between her soul and that more material part, whose deformity was becoming so loathsome. Inez and Ellen were utterly ignorant of the nature of her interview with her husband: though the quick and sharpened wits of the latter, led her to suspect a truth, to which the entire innocence of the former furnished no clue. They were both, however, about to tender those sympathies, which are so natural to, and so graceful in the sex, when their necessity seemed suddenly to cease. The convulsions in the features of the young Sioux disappeared, and her countenance became cold and rigid, like chiselled stone. A single expression of subdued anguish, which had made its impression on a brow that had rarely before contracted with sorrow, alone remained. It was never removed, in all the changes of seasons, fortunes, and years, which, in the vicissitudes of a suffering female savage life, she was subsequently doomed to endure. As in the case of a premature blight, let the plant quicken and revive as it may, the effects of that withering touch were always present.

Tachechana first stripped her person of every vestige of those rude but highly-prized ornaments, which the liberality of her husband had been wont to lavish on her, and she tendered them meekly, and without a murmur, as an offering to the superiority of Inez. The bracelets were forced from her wrists, the complicated mazes of beads from her leggings, and the broad silver bann from her brow. Then she paused, long and painfully. But it would seem, that the resolution she had once adopted, was not to be conquered by the lingering emotions of any affection, however natural. The boy himself was next laid at the feet of her supposed rival, and well might the self-abased wife of the Teton believe that the burden of her sacrifice was now full.

While Inez and Ellen stood regarding these several strange movements with eyes of wonder, a low, soft, musical voice was heard, saying, in a language that to them was unintelligible—

“A strange tongue will tell my boy the manner to become a man. He will hear sounds that are new; but he will learn them, and forget the voice of his mother. It is the will of the Waheondah, and a Sioux girl should not complain. Speak to him softly, for his ears are very little; when he is big, your words may be louder. Let him not be a girl, for very sad is the life of a woman. Teach him to keep his eyes on the men. Show him how to strike

them that do him wrong, and let him never forget to return blow for blow. When he goes to hunt, the flower of the pale-faces,” she concluded, using in bitterness the metaphor which had been supplied by the imagination of her truant husband, “will whisper softly in his ears, that the skin of his mother was red, and that she was once the fawn of the Dahcotahs.”

Tachechana pressed a kiss on the lips of her son, and then withdrew to the farther side of the lodge. Here she drew her light calico robe over her head, and took her seat, in token of her humility, on the naked earth. All the efforts of her companions, to attract her attention, were fruitless. She neither heard their remonstrances, nor felt their gentle touch. Once or twice her voice rose in a sort of wailing song, from beneath her quivering mantle, but it never mounted into the full wildness of savage music. In this manner she remained unseen for hours, while events were occurring without the lodge, which not only materially changed the complexion of her own fortunes, but left a lasting and deep impression on the future movements of the wandering Sioux tribe.

The History and Treatment of Colds and Coughs. By J. STEVENSON, M.D. pp. 100. London, 1827. Sherwood.

We recommend this little work to every one who would know the best method of guarding against these dangerous and insidious enemies to the constitution.

The Rubbish Administration. 8vo. pp. 36. 1827. Marsh.

THIS pamphlet, some fifty years hence, will be highly valuable to the collectors of such records of public opinion. With respect to its contents, it is sadly deficient in interest, as, with the exception of one or two squibs, it is the poorest collection political spirit ever called forth.

Leigh's New Picture of London.
Leigh's New Pocket Road-Book of Ireland. London, 1827. Leigh.

THE former of these publications is an improved edition of a very useful work, and excellently adapted to the necessities of a wanderer in this immense metropolis. The Road-Book of Ireland also merits a place in the travelling-case of every visitor to that country.

An Attempt to elucidate the Grammatical Construction of the English Language. 12mo. pp. 162. London, 1827. Simpkin & Co.

THIS work contains many judicious observations: those who take it up from its title will not be disappointed; it cleverly accounts for and explains many of the delicacies and peculiarities of the English language.

Observations on Farming the Sick Poor, &c. pp. 52. 1827. Longman & Co.

THIS is a very ably-written pamphlet, on a very important subject; the present method of treating the poor of this country, when under the afflictions of disease, is a disgrace to our national character. We have had opportunities of personally witnessing scenes of distress, produced by the system now pursued by parish authorities and the medical men appointed by them, that would astonish our readers. Mr. Hulbert deserves the praise of every friend to humanity, for his very excellent observations.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

ITALIAN LITERATURE.—CELEBRATED WOMEN.

VITTORIA COLONNA.

‘Quis non admiretur splendorem,
Pulchritudinemque virtutis.’—CIC.

THE fair sex have often had to complain of the miserable condition in which they were placed in the most celebrated nations of antiquity. Shut up in the recesses of their habitations, as in a perpetual prison, women could not, without disgrace, employ themselves about any thing which was thought to belong exclusively to the other part of mankind. The lyre of the poets usually sung only of the virtues of the Andromaches, who, queens as they were, did not disdain to carry food to their husbands' horses, or wash their linen at the public fountains. Some privileged minds, however, at different periods, emancipating themselves from such an unjust subjection, successfully cultivated literature and the arts. Greece had women who distinguished themselves in works of imagination, and even in the abstract sciences; and if we cannot say as much for Roman ladies, we know, at least, that they found other means of quitting that national servitude to which they appeared condemned. The patriotic virtues of the proud mother of the Gracchi, and of the severe spouse of Brutus, did not less honour to this amiable class of beings, than the burning poetry of Sappho and the philosophical doctrines of Aspasia.

The moderns have been more liberal. Women have seen themselves emancipated from that kind of regal monarchy which the ancients imposed upon them; and although men brought them, at first, into the social scene, only to embellish it by the sweet influence of their graces, and, to say the truth, feared that, by liberally cultivating their minds, they should lose this valued advantage; so false an opinion was but a light offence by the side of praise so flattering; because, though men believed themselves able to dispense with the writings of women, yet they felt that they wanted the pleasure of their society, to soften, in part, the laborious cares of existence, and they were willing to sacrifice the first for fear of losing the second. The example of some women, who, by a dull and ill-directed reading, ceased to be women, without becoming men, caused, perhaps, this foolish reasoning, and gave rise also to the comical jests of Molière, who, wishing to laugh at some of them, concurred, unhappily, in spreading disgrace upon all.

Italy was not contaminated by this prejudice, as absurd as it was outrageous. From the celebrated Nina of Sicily, who wrote poetry full of beauty in the age of Manfredi, to the Albrizzi, the Bandettini, the Folieri, who still live, and whose productions are the finest ornaments of the literature of that nation; women have been much esteemed there, as they have well known how to employ a wise and cultivated genius. The Italian imagination has always united in the fair sex the gentle attractions of the Graces to the dazzling qualifications of the Muses, and it is very easy to preserve them united, when a

bad education has not taken particular care to separate them by forcing and perverting the intellect and character. This fatal prejudice is now dispelled in Europe. Beautiful and amiable women in England, France, and Germany, have cultivated and do cultivate literature with success, without its ever having clothed them in the rags of Crates, or soiled their rosy lips with the cynical acrimony of Diogenes. It is time, then, that the history of literature opens for them its brilliant pages, and that materials be gathered together to raise a lasting monument of their glory. Example goes further than metaphysical argument, in proving that they can follow this noble career without renouncing the charms of their sex. We shall commence by speaking of a celebrated Italian woman, who flourished in the fifteenth century, and who united so wonderfully to the graces of person a cultivated mind, that she deserved to be called the Hebe and Corinne of the age. Vittoria Colonna was the daughter of the famous Fabricius Colonna, great constable to the King of the Two Sicilies. Nature appeared to have lavished all her gifts at the birth of this illustrious lady. With an exterior form of rare beauty, with native graces of the most exquisite sweetness, an innate taste for all the arts of imagination, an exaltation of genius which rendered her equal to every kind of cultivation, and a careful education, which developed and extended in her these happy prerogatives of nature, she very early obtained considerable celebrity. The Dukes of Savoy and Braganza by turns asked her in marriage; but her father destined her for the young Marquis of Pescara, one of the most valiant warriors and accomplished lords of that epoch. Julius II. preferred this last alliance, and his preference sufficed to effect it, for who would have dared to oppose themselves to the irresistible wishes of this mighty pontiff. The couple were worthy of each other, and the marriage was solemnized under the most happy auspices.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL.

THE GREAT BUILDING, REGENT'S PARK.

THE CROOKED TELESCOPE.

THIS GREAT UNKNOWN, which lifts its proud head so loftily above all the circumjacent structures, and which, for the last three years, has been fidgetting, fretting, and fuming curiously to fiddle-strings;—this eighth wonder of the world, which has been hitherto screened, by its cunning projector, by a surrounding labyrinth of impenetrable obscurity, is no longer a secret!

Every one acquainted with the eccentricities of genius, must remember the late Mister Pigeon, the medallist. Alas, poor Pigeon! He was hunted out of the world by prying curiosity, which peeped or peered at all his private doings, through a crooked telescope. When the said poor Pigeon died, he left us this wonderful optical machine, but, sad to say, without any clear directions for using it. Poor Pigeon, great artist as he was, was mad!

Mr. Horner, whether related to funny little

Jack, of that olden surname, we know not, has hitherto sat safe and snug in his corner; but we have found him out. The greatest of human discoveries have been owing to accident. So, at the moment we were going to dash the crooked tube off our parapet, by a fortuitous effort we blundered upon the right focus, and directing it due north, and bending it over the sky-light of the mighty polygonal panorama, saw all the in-door and out-door doings of this most stupendously wondrous work, as actually and individually as though our noses had been within arm's length of every object.

Every one has heard, that Mr. Horner sat in a corner, up in his Christmas spy, eighteen feet above the cross of St. Paul's. It makes us giddy to think of it. Here he sketched, on the scale of a mile to an inch, all that appeared in our lower world. What he projected on that dizzy height, has been the wonder working of the brains of the curious ever since. And the said tantalizing architect has cruelly kept his secret inviolable, notwithstanding the crowded state of New Bedlam and old St. Luke's, tenanted by the victims to that raging curiosity which this incomprehensible building has excited. Be it our philanthropic office, however, to stay this growing calamity, by rendering a full disclosure of all the mystery.

First, then, of the interior. It is so marvellously constructed, that the diameter of the dome, wonderful to say, is nearly one hundred and forty feet wider within than without. Moreover, the whispering gallery, round the said dome, is so magnificatory of sound that the ticking of a lady's watch is rendered louder than the driving of the new London Bridge piles, or the forge-hammers at the old Carron foundry. The striking of the little gold repeater, at the same time, renders Old Tom of Oxford as the mere tinkling of a tavern bell.

The area of the main building is still wonderfully more spacious within than without the walls; indeed, it is scarcely perceptible, from side to side, but to the long-sighted man, without the aid of a glass; and the painters, who are swung from the roof, painting the surrounding hills, above the chimney tops, ‘look scarce so gross as beetles,’ from the dome. Mr. Horner, from his station in the corner, until within the last spring, spoke to his ingenious painters of the interminable scene, through seventeen-feet sea-trumps; but, now they are working their way into a loftier region, telegraphs are substituted. Twenty superannuated lieutenants, with their families, dwell in these their respective stations, and will retire when the work is accomplished, on hundred-and-fifty-pound annuities; the funds of the building firm being exhaustless!!

The artists go to their meals, at present, by signals from an eight-and-forty pounder. The great machinist, Mr. Gurney, at Perkins's late manufactory adjacent, is manufacturing a new machine, of a six-feet bore, for detonating powder, as a future signal.

The painting, meanwhile, is proceeding. Two and twenty thousand bird's-eye views of houses, eighty-nine thousand perpendicular stacks of chimnies, and one million one hun-

dred thousand chimney pots, have been painted in perspective, within the last fourteen calendar months. Bushy, Richmond, and the little and great parks, Windsor, with that of Lord Montagu's adjacent, have been dead-coloured within the late long and lengthening days. It is calculated that from twenty to thirty miles of the Thames will be glazed with ultra-marine by the end of the present week, and that forty thousand acres of Windsor Forest will be scumbled into effect, by midsummer, so that the picture of London and its environs is proceeding with unheard-of rapidity.

It would appear almost incredible to mention half the number of hands employed within this vast polygon. Suffice it to say, we beheld through our crooked telescope, several separate groups, each a multitude, all labouring with the regularity of clock-work. None of the operatives are allowed to go out for the next twenty years, or until the work be completed, and all are sworn to secrecy. There are markets of various kinds in the niches of the building, for the general supply, the least of which beggars that of Newgate or Leadenhall. The slaughter-house alone is bigger by ten acres than that of his Majesty's Victualling Office. Large droves of oxen are dragged in nightly by the horns. Vast herds of swine live upon the acorns and chestnuts in the woods within the garden walls. A spacious national school is erecting in the cellars for the rising generation, and the whole community are clothed, lodged, and boarded at the company's expense, the funds, as aforesaid, being inexhaustible! Tea is imported by the ship-load, brewed in vast vats, and served hot from Braithwaite's patent pumps; and coffee is ground by a steam-engine mill of a thousand-horse power. Temporary chapels are erected for the various religious persuasions of the community, but liberty of conscience being promulgated, the painters are permitted to amuse themselves on the seventh day—as they please.

Forty broad-wheeled waggon loads of Nuremberg-white, sixteen grand-junction Paddington-canal barge loads of Frankfort-black, Roman-oker, Dutch-pink, and other pigments in proportion, are consumed daily, with eighty quintals of drying oil. Twelve horse-loads of hogs-hair tools, and twenty ass-loads of camel and other painting pencils; fitches, sables, flats, sweeteners, pound-brushes, and other brushes, are worn weekly to the stump, the consumption of which has already raised the bristly articles six hundred per cent without the walls, none being manufactured within. The palette-knives alone, in daily use, employ all the Birmingham and Sheffield workers in iron and steel, with other wonders, too numerous for this brief catalogue.

The effect of the one hundred and five or six and thirty square miles of the walls already painted upon, though not finished, is so effective, that several flights of loyal crows, so disloyally dislodged by Mr. Nash from their dormitories, the prostrate groves of Carlton Palace, seeking new rookeries here, purblind with age, flew headlong against Mr. Horner's Antwerp blue sky, and dashed their brains

out,—to their own prejudice, poor birds, as it should seem, and to the damning of this incomprehensibly great work of art—since which accident, Mr. Horner, with his wonted philanthropy, has established a corps of young sharp-shooters to kill off the stragglers. In short, the account of this most miraculous, thrice astonishing panorama, being too long for the present page, we deem it expedient to shorten it, by a continuation next Saturday.

THE YOUTH BY THE FOUNTAIN SIDE.
FROM SHILLER'S TUNGLING AUR BACHE.

Earth holds no other like
to thee,
Or if it doth, in vain for
me. BYRON.

Love is a prettie frenzie,
A melancholie fire,
Begot by lookes, main-
tain'd by hopes,
And heightned by desire. Sir J. SUCKLING.

A YOUTH sat by a fountain side,
A wreath he formed of flowers gay,
He saw them on the sportive tide
Soon quickly, quickly borne astray.
Ah! as that streamlet flows, he said,
So restless glides each day,
And as that wreath is seen to fade,
So my youth dies away.
Oh! ask not why I thus complain
And weep, while life is yet in bloom,
Sweet spring should bid us smile again,
And hope now dissipate my gloom.
In vain with varied bliss for me,
Awaking nature glows;
In all her verdant charms I see
No solace for my woes.
Let spring its smiling sweets impart—
'Tis well they smile who can be gay;
There's one could soothe my aching heart,
And bless me with her eyes' bright ray.
I'm doomed to see the vision fade;
I stretch my arms in vain;
I ne'er can reach the lovely shade
To ease my bosom's pain.
Oh! come, dear maiden, down to me,
Descend from thy proud castle walls,
I'll gather fragrant flowers for thee,
To strew thy way in Beauty's halls.
Soft strains the grove's fond loves unfold,
The stream it ripples clear,
The smallest hut hath space to hold
One happy, loving pair. G. D. R.

COUNTRY COUSINS.

— Vivere Rura.—AUCT. VET.

To the Editor of *The Literary Chronicle*.
SIR—I once heard an old lady of my acquaintance lamenting that she had not a relative in the world. Now, I really think this want of kith and kin to be rather a subject of congratulation than not; as a person so circumstanced cannot possibly have any country cousins. The visits of those torments of sanguinity to their civic relations, is an event which is thought upon with horror by every peaceable cockney. But I assure you, sir, (*et credere expecto*) I would sooner parade my whole regiment of cozs. in Hyde Park at four p. m. on a Sunday than I would again undergo the penance of spending a month with them. In an evil day I consented to sojourn for the above-named period at Thornberry Farm. I packed a tolerable 'routh o' knick knackets' not forgetting my tights and pumps, as I heard we were to be prodigiously gay,

and on a lovely morning in July, I started. I must say that the rapid motion of the vehicle, and the quick succession of scenery afforded very gratifying sensations, and I should have been supremely happy if I had only had some of my own friends to chat with. But all my companions seemed a set of regular Goths—patriarchs, cunning only in flocks and herds, and whose conversation was a strange jumble of pigs, parsons, and potatoes, tithes, tares, and taxes. In vain did I endeavour to introduce some other subject; they knew no more about Portugal, the funds, or the ministry, than if they had just dropped from the clouds, and when they answered my questions with a monosyllable, and my observations with a stare, I could not help wishing there were a society for the propagation of politeness as well as of Christianity, and that missionaries were sent to convert these aboriginal Britons to conversationality. When we got about eighty miles from London, the sky began to lower, and down came the rain; it rattled along like a shower of pease; I could not help wishing myself safely housed; but those tillers of the ground began to exult, and swore it was a sweet rain (their very words), and would do a world of good! I looked at my coat and groaned! In London there are coaches, gateways, and shops enough to protect us from the pelting of the pitiless storm. But here it came sweeping over a fine open country, as they called it, and streamed in your face, as if you had been pumped at point blank with a fire-engine. Never once did this sweet rain cease till I got to my coz.'s domicile, where I alighted, as completely drenched as if I had been dragged across the channel. I got off the coach, almost dead with the cramp, and when I saw the astounding multitude of relatives who rushed forth to greet me, I thought on Mr. Malthus's book and trembled! Each of them took possession of my hand by turns, and when I could again call it my own, it was of a deadly white, and bore all their finger marks like a piece of squeezed dough. In fact, I could not help thinking that though they might have no vice in their dispositions, they had plenty of it in their hands. They now began to administer to my bodily wants, and on the strength of my drenching, John recommended a glass of brandy, and Mary, one of cowslip wine. To pacify them I took both, and in consequence I was nearly distracted with a sick head-ach for the rest of the evening. I then retired to change, and was desired to hasten, as they had put off their dinner till half-past five, on account of my arrival. I accordingly arranged myself in a pair of nankeens, and put on my feet a pair of Dean and Davies's best pumps. I saw that even this dress subjected me here to the charge of fop, but whatever opinion they had of me, I could not help entertaining very hostile feelings towards my cousin's thick cord shorts and heavy nailed boots—I shall preserve the luxuries of a country dinner for a future observation. I can only say that the heaps of meat before me did not at all tend to diminish my bilious head-ach. I was gazing, with very emetical feelings, upon the scene before me, when one

of my cousins nearly overset me, by giving me a tremendous slap on my thigh, at the same time shouting in my ear—‘ Hollo, old fellow, you don’t eat.’ I dare say the brute thought he was slapping one of his own cart horses off his feed. There was nothing to drink but soft water and hard ale, of which latter quality my cousins, both male and female, demolished immense quantities. After dinner, my coz proposed a glass of gin and water, (what a cat-and-bag-pipe-ish idea!) or a stroll; to the latter I readily assented, and, big with the ideas of country scenery, away I went. I expected at least something new to the eyes of a cockney, but, alas! I was wofully disappointed! I saw nothing but oxen, store-pigs, calves, and colts, and when I heard the enthusiasm with which my cousins *chorused* their good points, I made a mem. that when he came to see me, I would take him to Smithfield instead of to the theatre. The straw-yard, too, was completely saturated with the rain, and at every step I took, I sunk knee-deep in the filthy compound; I might as well have burnt my nankeens and pumps, for I could never wear them afterwards. Upon our return, I made my head-ach a plea for retiring early to rest, and certainly the whiteness and softness of my couch, in some degree, compensated for the day’s privations. I soon fell into a sound sleep, although somewhat disturbed with dreams about horses, hogs, kicks, and cowslip-wine. Upon waking in the morning, my last night’s antipathies were somewhat abated; but the fat pork at breakfast brought on the antipathies and the head-ach again. I was almost sick to see the huge masses my cousins devoured, both of the pork aforesaid, and bread cut off a loaf as big as a hay-rick. My last night’s experience told me that the country was no place to walk in wet weather, and I positively refused all his solicitations to join him. I found that we were to have some neighbours (so they call every body within thirty miles,) to dine with us, so I resolved not to run the chance of spoiling my inexpressibles and dinner together, by wading through any more straw-yards; I therefore asked for a book or two, a question which seemed to excite some surprise. After an immensity of rummaging, they produced a Bible, half a volume of Robinson Crusoe, three or four old County Chronicles, and a coursing list. These I sat down to digest, till two o’clock allowed me to digest my dinner! I never spent such a dull five hours! Every thing is the same in the country. Whenever I loooked out of the window, there stood the *same* cows, the *same* horses, and the *same* pigs; the *same* chickens were always clucking, and the *same* thresher was making the *same* noise in the barn! This monotony was broken, however, by the arrival of the guests. They were varied enough in all conscience, especially the female part of them. There was every grade of vesture, from the huge *tops* of the clod-compelling patriarch, to the blue coat, white waistcoat, and black trousers, and silks, of the young dandified plough-guider! As for the damsels, when collected, they looked like a tulip-bed, and leave description far behind; so let them

pass. I can only say, that had the old Venetian bard lived all his life in a farm like that of Thornberry, however conversant he might have been with the *flavam comam*, he would not have had the most distant idea of *simplex munditiis*. And then the dinner—never did I see such a literal *blow out*. I preserved its form, and insert it here, for the benefit of Mr. Amand Vilmet, or any other artist of eminence in the gastronomic line. First course: Sirloin of beef at top, shoulder of veal at bottom, in the middle a rump-steak pudding, that seemed as if it had been baked in a washing tub. 2nd course: boiled leg of mutton, calf’s head, and stewed rabbits. 3rd, a pair of fowls as big as eagles, a turkey-poul, and a gigantic ham; after which, currant and raspberry pies out of number. Never did the mad Persian labour more diligently to cut through the opposing mountain than these, to cut theirs through the mountains of meal before them. After dinner, punch, pipes, and *home made*, circulated with portentous rapidity; but this made no more impression on these human puncheons, than if they had been poured on one of their own fallows. Had Maudlin Clarence been such a one as these, he would soon have drank himself breathing room in his Malmsey butt. But it would be an endless as well as an ungrateful office, to tell all the miseries of a country life. It is sufficient to say, that after having been fifty times overset by treading on pig, that were buried asleep under the straw in the yard. After having been run at by bulls, whenever I dared to venture in the fields. After having nearly broken my *os frontis* in an attempt at thrashing, and my neck in endeavouring to clear a gate on the back of a hunter, eighteen hands high, I thought it high time to retire from the dear country! And when I again found myself on the coach, and on the high road to London, I could not help mentally asseverating, that if ever they caught me rusticising again, I would give them leave to make me a scarecrow in the dampest and dullest field in the whole farm of Thornberry. ▽.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF ARTISTS AND ARTS.

NO. IV.—THE ARTISTS’ CONVERSAZIONE.

‘THE English are becoming a very enlightened people in the affairs of art,’ said the French connoisseur. ‘I remember, sir, about forty years ago, when I first sought an asylum in this country, that, even at the tables of persons of rank, the conversation was of any thing rather than of subjects of *virtu*. Excepting, indeed, during the first week of your Royal Academy exhibitions. But now you meet, at every genteel table—yes, in every city and town in your flourishing empire, persons who converse sensibly of these matters. Indeed, if I may be allowed to make the observation of Count B—t, the English are another people compared with these, in their general taste. Sir, when I was a young man, I know the prevailing opinion in France was, that our neighbours across the Channel were connoisseurs only in horses and dogs.’

‘ Why, sir,’ replied the medical gentleman, ‘ it was almost so. For, with the exception of a few noblemen and others, learned in these matters,—the fine arts, (I mean those of painting and sculpture,) were only considered as objects of a shilling exhibition, viewed in a crowd, talked of with a yawn to country cousins over the wine—and then forgotten in the *lions* of the succeeding day. It was Alderman Boydell who gave the first impulse to the British school.’

‘ I am entirely of your opinion, sir,’ said the French connoisseur. ‘ I remember that public spirited old gentleman, and fancy I see him now, on the top of the old staircase at the Shakspeare Gallery, smiling, as the carriage company poured in to view the novel sight. He was very courteous, and as proud of the pictures by which he was surrounded, as though they had been painted by himself. When I read the memorial which he presented to your chamber of parliament in his old age, wherein he states that he had expended nearly four hundred thousand pounds, among his brethren in the arts. I felt the tear in my eye. I have often presumed, that it would be an honour to the whole body of the British artists, to erect a subscription statue to his memory, in the cathedral of St. Paul. For, I venture to pronounce him the first munificent patron of the arts of his country.’

‘ But he was a trader,’ observed a tall woolly-headed gentleman; ‘ and encouraged the artists in the way of traffic. He speculated in pictures and prints as a mere commercialist. He well knew what he was about.’

‘ *Point de tout*,’ replied the connoisseur with a bow, ‘ with deference, sir, be it said, Mr. Boydell nearly ruined himself by his liberal speculations; besides, sir, it were fortunate for men of intellect, when the rich commercialist opened his ledger, for the new traffic in sciences and arts. The Medici family owed their splendid rise to commerce, and that house is immortalized with the fame of the mighty geniuses that flourished under its munificent auspices.’

‘ Why—to—be sure, sir,’ replied the woolly-headed gentleman; ‘ I never thought of that.’ We were amused, by accidentally observing, on looking for a missing friend, among the scientific crowd, that this tall gentleman, at the foot of the staircase, held a ticketed number, corresponding with that of his hat, which was delivered by one of the attendants, and the tall gentleman took his departure. We walked up stairs and mixed with another group.

‘ What but the genius of dulness could possess the R. A.’s,’ said a celebrated poet, ‘ to place that sprightly effort of young Landseer’s pencil—the Monkey, upon the floor.’ ‘ I know not,’ replied the sculptor, ‘ unless it were that every ape might have a kick at it.’

‘ Nay, nay,’ said the venerable artist, of whom we have spoken, ‘ this is not quite fair. It is not the act of the whole body, but of the hanging committee, and their occupation is not very enviable. It is impossible to render justice to so many candidates for *places*, add-

ing, it may be likened to the forming of a ministry. There is no satisfying all parties.'

'I do not like the subject,' observed a young artist, rather flippantly. 'I think Landseer might employ his talent to loftier purposes. A monkey is but a monkey, after all.'

'Granted,' replied the sculptor, with a significant smile; 'And a fable is but a fable; but, if all the fables, so rich in moral humour as this, were painted, and then engraved by our ablest hands, we should have a book that the whole world could not match. Would that there were another Boydell to dash into such a speculation, I would subscribe for a proof copy.' 'So would I,' said the physician; 'and so would I,' said the French gentleman; 'and I would order one on India paper,' added the old English connoisseur. 'Verily, had a subscription been opened, we could have secured some four and twenty distinguished names upon the spot.'

'So, our Devonshire worthy, Northcote, has been writing a book of fables,' said the physician. 'Have you heard what progress it has made, and whether it is forth coming?' 'I am informed, that it is in the press,' replied the sculptor. 'It will be rich in humour, no doubt, and caustic,' said another. 'Trust the painter for that,' added a third. 'An excellent vehicle for his cynical view of life.' 'Doubtless,' continued a fourth, 'he, if I be not grievously mistaken, will point his moral home to the very quick; I know not a more shrewed observer.' 'It was amusing to hear the late member for Bedford and him, over a dessert, at Southill; he was a mighty favourite at that great patriot's board.—Not that that is surprising,' replied the physician, 'for my friend Northcote was one of the *Mudge* school, and old *Zachary* was admired, even by Sam Johnson himself.' 'He derived great advantage from his converse at Sir Joshua's,' said one. 'Indubitably,' replied the venerable connoisseur, 'but nature had furnished him with the organ of perception (pointing to his own fine cranium), whilst young Jem Northcote, when he used to sketch lions and eagles on his paternal walls.' 'His is an intellectual head,' observed the phrenologist. 'I should like to possess it,' said a painter. 'So should I,' added the sculptor, 'but, I hope it will continue on its own shoulders for an age to come, to see another flourishing generation of artists, at least.'

'Well, sir,' in a low voice, inquired the ancient connoisseur to one of the fraternity of painters in water-colours, 'I perceive you are open again. Let me think—why this, if I mistake not, is your twenty-third year. Why, sir, your young society is becoming an old body. And pray, who are your stars this year?' This was the commencement of a private chat. 'Truly, sir,' replied the artist, 'it seemeth but as yesterday, when we opened in Brook-street, and some of us (looking round at himself in the mirror), are growing gray in the service. Stephanoff has two beautifully finished drawings, one a historical subject of Mary Queen of Scots, which is very attractive; but, that which is most coveted by the artists, if they could become purchasers, is Rembrandt's Study, it is a choice bit.' 'I recollect

a very interesting composition in your last display,' said the connoisseur, 'Rubens and the Alchemist. I commend Mr. Stephanoff for keeping up these points of domestic history. We should have one at least annually. Pray, is it true, that Mr. Holford, of Hampstead, is become a collector of these works?' 'It is, sir, he has been for some time forming a gallery of the productions of our water-colour painters, and has already a splendid collection. One indeed that may vie with Mr. Wheeler's, of Gloucester-place. Sir, he gave your friend Stephanoff, one hundred guineas for that picture.' 'O, brave!' ejaculated the connoisseur. 'There are several studies of English characters, by Hunt, too,' continued the artist, 'which are very original in style, and true to nature. Particularly one of a fruit-stall, with a very happy effect by lantern-light. These figure compositions were called for, to add diversity to the collection. Indeed, there are several figure pieces, one in particular, by Richter, the personification of a dramatic sketch, only sketched by a character in our great dramatic writer,—no less than that of the tyrant Petruchio, showing how he would lord it over the termagant Katherine. It is all fire and spirit.'

'A sort of painter's poetic license,' observed the connoisseur. 'Exactly so,' replied the artist, 'daringly undertaken, and as boldly achieved.' Another 'Brute of a Husband'—'hey, sir?' added the facetious old gentleman, 'only of a higher grade. Well, sir, go on and prosper. We shall hear of other Wheeler's and other Holford's, mark my words!' We hope the connoisseur will be hereafter quoted as a prophet.

FINE ARTS.

ENGRAVINGS.

Mr. Martin's Mezzotinto Print of Joshua commanding the Sun to stand still.

THIS magnificent print, intended as a companion to, and the same size as that of Belshazzar's Feast, with which all who have any taste for art, are already acquainted, has been just published; and it is, altogether, one of the most splendid and beautiful works we have ever seen; exceeding, in many respects, that of which it is meant to be the companion. In architectural design, and in conveying ideas of space, Mr. Martin, as an artist, stands unrivalled, and in the present instance, he has powerfully availed himself of his skill in these two material points, while he has introduced all the accompaniments that give them interest and effect. The subject of the picture is taken from the tenth chapter of Joshua:—

'And the Lord discomfited them before Israel, and slew them with a great slaughter at Gibeon, and chased them along the way that goeth up to Beth-horon, and smote them to Azekah, and unto Makkedah.'

'And it came to pass, as they fled from before Israel, and were in the going down to Beth-horon, that the Lord cast down great stones from Heaven upon them unto Azekah, and they died: they were more which died with hail.

* Alluding to a masterly drawing of a subject so designated, which was exhibited some years since, on the walls of a thin rival society.

stones than they whom the Children of Israel slew with the sword.

'Then spake Joshua to the Lord, in the day when the Lord delivered up the Amorites before the Children of Israel, and he said in the sight of Israel, "Sun stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon."

Joshua is seen in the foreground, stretching forth his right hand towards the heavens, which have all the striking and supernatural character attributed to them in the text. The sun is surrounded by dark clouds, but its rays of light are descending on the assembled hosts that fill the valley, and glitter upon the armour of the son of Nun, and the robes of the high priests beside him. The city of Gibeon has a splendid and truly magnificent appearance; it is situated on the heights above the warriors, and from its gates the Gibeonites are issuing to the support of the children of Israel, who are routing and pursuing the beaten Amorites over the plains. There are thousands of figures introduced and scattered over the field, but so distinct, that it is easy to perceive the struggles of the various combatants.

On the style and execution of the plate, it is unnecessary for us to remark. The high reputation which Mr. Martin has acquired by those splendid and interesting works, by which he has enabled thousands to form an estimate of his talents, who could have no opportunity of inspecting his paintings, is now sufficiently known to, and appreciated by the public. This print is one which we are sure will be justly and generally a favourite, and we heartily wish him success in the course he is pursuing.

We should observe, that the print of Joshua commanding the sun to stand still, is dedicated to the Prince of Saxe Coburg, and to the memory of his lamented princess, in consequence of a wish formerly expressed by both, that such might be the case, whenever the painting was engraved. The print of Belshazzar's Feast, it will be remembered, was dedicated to the King.

THE PLEIADES.

THE exquisite picture by Mr. Howard, thus designated, a composition which vies in grace and elegance with the finest works of the great Italian school, is lately put into the hands of an engraver of rising fame, for the same laudable purpose as the above, namely, the augmenting of the funds of this benevolent institution. William Dean Taylor will now have sufficient scope for the exercise of his professional skill.

LITHOGRAPHY.

MR. J. B. CHALON has produced another large lithographic print, the fourth of his series of Passions of the Horse, dedicated to his Majesty. This group very ably describes maternal affection, and is drawn with vigour and feeling. We are rejoiced to find that this able artist and very old contributor to our annual exhibitions, has an extended list of subscribers, including almost all the noblemen and gentlemen renowned on the turf to this novel and meritorious development of the passions of the noblest of the brute creation.

THE DRAMA.

ROYAL WEST LONDON THEATRE.—*Soirées Françaises.*—On Wednesday evening last, Mademoiselle Georges made her debut at this theatre, in the character of Merope, and the reception she met with was such as to convince her that her wonderful talents were not lost on an English audience. This actress may indeed be justly considered the most perfect model for a tragedy-queen; her majestic figure, the noble expression of her countenance, and the impassioned, yet pure style of her declamation, all conspire to render her acting most sublime and astonishing. M. Daudel, as Egesthe, was deserving of high commendation, and he obtained throughout unmixed applause. The tyrant Poliphante, was well represented by Eric Bernard. In our last number we intimated that there was only one actress among the former company of M. M. Cloup and Pélissié, who was capable of serving Melpomene: Madame Daudel was the person we alluded to, and on the present occasion, she sustained the rather difficult character of Merope's confidant. We also said that there were two or three actors who might be well employed in tragedy. Daudel surpassed our most sanguine hopes. Marius recited his verses tolerably, but did not know his part. As to Theodore, he declaimed like a school-boy, and most assuredly we did not mean to include him among the two or three whom we wished to point out.

The tragedy of *Merope* was preceded by a pretty vaudeville of M. Scribe, *Les Mémoires d'un Colonel de Hussards*, which was played with much spirit by Mesdames Clauzel and Constance and M. Daudel. Mlle. Constance, however, would do well to abstain from male attire, which is by no means adapted to her feminine figure; and Daudel would also do well not to use a muff in lieu of a hussar's cap, which caused much merriment among the spectators. The evening's entertainment terminated with the vaudeville of *Les Couturières*, which we did not witness. Mademoiselle Georges will make her second appearance on Monday next.

SINGULAR SECURITY.

'What pity 'tis,' said John the sage,
'That women should, for hire,
Expose themselves upon the stage,
By wearing men's attire!'
'Expose!' cried Ned, who lov'd to jeer—
'In sense you surely fail;
What can the darlings have to fear
When clad in coat of male?' G. D.

VARIETIES.

Theatre at Rio Janeiro.—Brazil contains but three theatres, viz. those of Pernambuco, Bahia, and Rio Janeiro; the latter of which was erected, not long ago, on the site of a former one that was destroyed by fire. The interior is larger than Drury Lane, and very handsomely fitted up. There are three tiers of boxes, and in the centre is the imperial box, forming a saloon, embellished with mirrors and red silk draperies. The pit has arm-chairs instead of benches, so that no one can either incommoded or be incommoded by his

neighbour,—an arrangement not very likely ever to be adopted by our London managers, since it is more convenient for the audience than profitable to the treasury of the theatre. The stage is spacious, but the machinery very imperfect, being entirely worked by hand; the scenery, too, is both scanty and paltry. The performances consist of Italian operas and Portuguese pieces; the performers in the latter are not above mediocrity; among the Italians, however, are some good singers, and several castrati. Lefèvre, the present manager, intends, it is said, to build by subscription another theatre, expressly for the performance of French vaudevilles; but it is doubtful whether this speculation will answer.

A new and elegant suite of apartments are preparing, in Waterloo Place, for the sale of pictures, principally, we believe, in water-colour art, which will be opened in a few days. The establishment is for the sale, by commission, of the works of the British school, and will remain a perpetual gallery open to the public.

Another in the neighbourhood is already opened, Mr. Hobday's gallery in Pall Mall, for the perpetual sale of pictures, principally works in oil, by the English masters. These institutions, we cannot but think, must, if well conducted, tend materially to promote the interests of our rapidly improving arts.

The unpublished *Herbal* of Jean Jacques Rousseau, which has been some time open for inspection at M. Rolandis, Berner's Street, has excited the particular attention of some of the leading members of the Horticultural and Linnean Societies. The work consists of eight volumes, in which eight hundred specimens of vegetables are preserved and illustrated in the hand-writing of this celebrated philosopher. We have seen also, at the same place, a curious collection of medals in stucco, representing the memorable events of the reign of Napoleon.

Mummies.—On the 26th of April, one of the mummies, brought by M. Passilacqua from Egypt, was opened at the Sorbonne, on which occasion a lecture was delivered by M. Fontenelle. According to him, the custom of embalming the dead in that country had not its origin in any religious motive, although it was subsequently made a point of religious practice, but in absolute necessity, as the scarcity of wood rendered it impossible for the inhabitants to burn their dead, and they must either have buried them within their towns and villages, or in those parts which were exposed to the inundations of the Nile; in either of which cases there was danger of the air being infected in such a climate and in so populous a country. They, therefore, adopted the practice of embalming, for which purpose the lakes of natron, (sub-carbonate of soda,) so numerous in Egypt, supplied them with a cheap and abundant means, as that salt has the property of preserving animal substances from decomposition.

M. Fontenelle then proceeded to give some account of the three different modes of embalming, as described by Herodotus and Diodorus, and of the different attitudes and position of the arms observable in Egyptian mummies. He also pointed out the differ-

ence between Egyptian and Greek mummies, the former being entirely enveloped from head to foot, so that none of the limbs or extremities can be seen; while in the latter, the swathings round the arms and legs are separate from those of the body; the paintings and inscriptions, too, are in another style. In support of the opinion above mentioned, he observed that while the practice of embalming continued,—that is, till about the fourth century of the Christian era,—the plague, since so prevalent in Egypt, was then unknown there. He likewise thinks that it was not confined merely to people of rank, but common to all classes.

UNIVERSITY NOTICES.

CAMBRIDGE.

May 16.—Degrees conferred:—*Masters of Arts.* Rev. W. J. Thornton, Trinity; Rev. S. Gedge, Cath. Hall.—*Bachelors of Arts.*: F. G. Le Mann, King's; C. Stopford and F. Martin, Trinity; G. J. A. Drake, J. Hull, and W. Truell, St. John's; F. M. M'Carthy, St. Peter's; F. Morse, Corpus Christi; Rev. J. G. Maddison and S. Smith, Magdalene; J. Barker, Downing.

Tyrwhit's Heb. Scholarships. Elected on this foundation, Jarrett, Cath. Hall, 1st class; Campbell, Jesus, 2nd class.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. J. Griffith, B. A., fellow and tutor of Emmanuel, Camb., to be domestic chaplain to the Lord Chancellor.

The Rev. J. F. Hone, B. A., of University, Oxford, to the vicarage of Tirley, Gloucestershire, on the presentation of the Earl of Eldon. Patron, the King.

The Rev. J. Nance, D. D., of Worcester, Oxford, to hold the rectory of Hope, with that of Old Romney, Kent.

The Rev. E. T. Bidwell, M. A., sen., fellow of Clare Hall, Camb., to the rectory of Orcheston, St. Mary, Wilts. Patrons, the master and fellows of Clare Hall.

The Rev. H. Roberts, B. A., of Trinity, Camb., to the rectory of Baxterley, near Atherstone.

The Rev. G. Evans, B. A., to the vicarage of Potterspury, Northampton, on the presentation of the Right Hon. Earl Bathurst.

The Rev. L. Vernon, rector of Stokesley, to be chancellor of York Cathedral; and the Rev. W. Levet, vicar of Charlton, near Shipton, and of Bray, Berks, to be sub-dean of the same.

The Rev. Mr. Horne, son of the chancery barrister, to the rectory of Hotham, near North Cabe. Patron, the Lord Chancellor.

The Rev. G. Swain, jun., D. D., late fellow of Wadham, Oxford, and vicar of Hockley, to hold (by dispensation) the vicarage of South Benfleet, both in Essex.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

W. F. was mistaken, in thinking we alluded to him in our notice last week.

S. T. C. is inadmissible.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	Thermometer.				Barom.	State of the Weather.
	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Taken at 1 o'clock Noon.		
May 25	49	56	51	29	38	Showers.
..... 26	55	60	51	..	46	Showers.
..... 27	54	60	52	..	60	Cloudy.
..... 28	59	63	51	..	77	Cloudy.
..... 29	59	61	52	..	80	Showers.
..... 30	58	66	55	..	88	Fair.
..... 31	60	67	51	..	70	Fair.

WORKS JUST PUBLISHED: The Pine Tree Dell, a German Legend, 2 vols. 18s.—Stray Leaves, foolscap, 8s.—Ben Nazir, the Saracen, a Tragedy, by T. C. Grattan, 8vo. 4s. 6d.—Russell's Connection of Sacred and Profane History, 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.—Hodgkin's Political Economy, 12mo. 6s.—High Life, 3 vols. £1. 11s. 6d.—Morrel's History of Philosophy and Science, 12s.—Orme's Memoirs of Urquhart, 2 vols. 10s.—Roberts's Memoirs of the Houses of York and Lancaster, £1. 6s.—Salgues's Rules for Preserving the Health of the Aged, 6s.—Lewis's Chess Problems, 6s.—Montgomery's Christian Poet, 6s.—Ellis's Historical Inquiry respecting Lord Clarendon, 6s.—Head's Plane Trigonometry, 10s. 6d.

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